

The EXILE



By MARY JOHNSTON

THE GREAT VALLEY

By MARY JOHNSTON

"In 'The Great Valley' Miss Johnston returns to her first love, the Colonial period out of which grew our American Nation and its civilization. Thoroughly at home in the knowledge of its history and traditions, she turns back the pages of time and the years, and shows us an America and a Virginia in the making. It is an excellent example of historical fiction at its best."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Here is one of the biggest canvases of the year, a high and deep wilderness panorama, the Great Valley or Shenandoah Country. Historical fidelity and great narrative sweep are executive abilities of the author. A moving narrative winds through the big picture."—*Time Magazine*.

"Miss Johnston gives us her best historical novel in years. She long ago steeped herself in the history of the pioneer period of her own Virginia and no writer has more effectively woven its atmosphere and spirit into the printed page. There is authenticity in 'The Great Valley', but better still there is an excellent story skilfully worked out. 'The Great Valley' not merely upholds Miss Johnston's reputation as a historical novelist, but enhances it."—*Boston Herald*.

"The story is epic in outline; the people are heroic in moral stature. The country itself, the rocks and streams and trees, the grassy stretches and great mountains, the atmosphere of a virgin land, rise from the printed page. The book is a labor of love, deeply felt and sincerely wrought."—*New York Herald Tribune*.

"'The Great Valley' is more than an interesting, often exciting account of a young and courageous woman—it is a fascinating chronicle of the winning of America."—*New York Times*.

A biographical sketch of Mary Johnston, by Grant Overton, and a list of her novels, are given in a free booklet which her publishers will send to any one on request.

PS
2142
E9

PS 2142 E9



4552 E2E10 0090 E

CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO

This book is due on the last date stamped below.

Failure to return books on the date due will result in assessment of prescribed fines.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2023 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

<https://archive.org/details/exile0000mary>

The Exile

By Mary Johnston

SILVER CROSS

1492

CROATAN

THE SLAVE SHIP

THE GREAT VALLEY

MICHAEL FORTH

THE EXILE

THE EXILE

By
MARY JOHNSTON

BOSTON
LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY
1927

Copyright, 1927,
BY MARY JOHNSTON

All rights reserved

Published September, 1927

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

The Exile

THE EXILE

CHAPTER I

THE island lay small. Fifteen miles from Goodly Token Beach at one end to New Annan at the other. The greatest breadth five miles; the least two. Around it swept all the blue ocean, not a lift of land; and few sails or smoke streamers for it lay out of the great water lanes. The seas that struck its white beaches and its sheer, fantastic cliffs were dangerous, racing over shoal and sunken reef. It had two harbors, New Annan at the southern, Derwent at the northern end. But the latter was too small for any but fishing craft, and New Annan itself gave no inordinate sea room. So, few boats, although the great mainland expanded forever and forever hardly four hundred miles from the winking star of the Eldorado Light. Eldorado Island preserved, in a modern world, its mantle of loneliness.

But there is loneliness and loneliness. It was not so lonely now as on the day of the wreck of the *Goodly Token*, three hundred years ago, when there stood, saved and storm-weary and prayerful, on Goodly Token Beach, the ancestors of the Thornes and Car-

lises, Oxenfords, Foxes and Macdougalls, and all the rest, gentle and simple, and more simple than gentle. It seemed fearfully lonely that day, and only better than the tilted, wave-washed deck of a broken ship. No human beings dwelled then upon the island that was strange to the master of the *Goodly Token* and all aboard. But they found traces of Spaniards, gone away to some mysterious port through some mysterious fate. Here stood a couple of stone houses, and there were hogs running wild in the forest upon which they might feed. Indian corn also, and melons and grapes. There were no Indians; they had vanished with or before the Spaniards. But inland, where were the meadows, those shipwrecked discovered that dozen Arab and Andalusian mares, foals and stallions, to be remembered as the seventeenth-century parents of the Inca horses.

Time does many things. The breeding and sale of Inca horses became, when enough time had passed, half of the gainful occupation of Eldorado Island. The other half was filled up by the herring fishery and a fashion of drying and salting that was the island's own and brought Eldorado herring into favor with epicures. To-day the serving of both markets and general trade between island and continent is in the hands of the Manoa Line of freight steamers, with two principal boats, the *Hero* and the *Leander*, and a

wharf and storehouse and representative at New Annan. It was this line that tied Eldorado Island to the mainland and the mainland to the island. Sometimes there were passengers — a few — coming and going. It was known that the island had a delicate air and two quaint towns and a “quaint” people. Something of romance breathed about it, of old times and far times. Its atmosphere had become modified. But that is true of all atmospheres. There were never many travelers, so few that it was known throughout the island when a stranger was staying at the Garland or The Winged Horse, as it might be. Oftener there came traders interested in Inca horses or in Eldorado herring. Or some official of the Manoa Line might bring his wife and older children and stay a bit. But all together, little enough from the outer world came to this place. If the weather turned very bad getting into New Annan harbor proved not to be the easiest thing to do on the ocean. Once in, a boat might be held far too long. The small Garland Tavern at New Annan, the small Winged Horse at Derwent, were large enough. The *Hero* and the *Leander*, turn about, came every twelve days. That is for seven months of the year they did so; the rest of the time with less frequency and according to weather.

Those men, women and children, shipwrecked here so long ago, had meant to reach the continent in their

Goodly Token. They were journeyers to New Lands, journeying from the Old for divers reasons; and most of them were Scots and North English, with a handful from Devon and Cornwall and a few Londoners. A good third of the men had been rebels in religion, members of various mystical, small sects. Rebellion in one sort had brought them into trouble in another. The political frown blackening, and none of them being extremists and criers-out for the gibbet, they and their families were now become emigrants to lands where they dreamed they might find freedom for their souls. For their leader they had Robert Thorne, a North Country man, of an old race and a strong character. Others upon the ship that at last bore all from the Solway went for other reasons than these. Poverty, good, honest hope of bettering conditions, ne'er-do-weelness, recklessness and disappointment, frowns of society, love of adventure, need to escape — all the usual gamut! Classes, in that class-ridden century, ran from a small sprinkling of "gentry" through yeoman and shopkeeper and artisan to fisherman, laborer and no-occupation. A minister of Huguenot extraction, Francis Bernier, a school-teacher, James Murray, and a physician, Walter Andros, represented the men of learning. All these were the emigrants. In addition there stood, in the dying storm, on the white beach, the two mates and a number of the seamen of

the *Goodly Token*. The master and five sailors had been swept from the waist of the ship and drowned.

The storm voice sank into a drone and then to silence. The waves went down. Now at low tide the reef upon which they had struck stood up like fangs, and there the *Goodly Token* yet held together. They took the two boats in which they had made their landing and in the fair weather plied back and forth between ship and shore, stripping her of a thousand matters that they needed, making a great heap upon the beach for sorting and due sharing. At last she lifted there upon the reef, a naked ship, and in three days came a second storm and broke her down and sank her. And for one year they saw no other sail.

Then the *Fortune* of Bristol, wanting water, put in at this island, of which the master knew only that it was on his chart as Eldorado Island, once occupied by shipwrecked Spaniards, then abandoned, and with dangerous seas about it. And here, like a piece of magic, welcomed them this great group of English folk, above a hundred in number, at home and prospering in a sturdy, Arcadian fashion! Great was the excitement and the pleasures of meeting! And not one would go away when the *Fortune* sailed.

They had built cabins. They had herded the swine and the horses, cleaned the cornfields, planted grain and flax and garden patches. The fishermen were fishing.

The minister preached, the physician healed, the school-master taught. Thorne, Carlisle, Oxenford, Foxe and Macdougall made a Council, with Thorne for President. The women did their full part. The children moved as brown as berries and as healthful and happy a crew as any children anywhere. Two babes had been born in the year. Something of old and settled breathed already about this island. Barring a few, the human material upon the *Goodly Token* was above the mean, and it found in Robert Thorne a right leader and molder. This man, from all accounts, was spiritually of the tribe of patriarchs, a true Abraham.

Not one left upon the *Fortune*. She took letters home to England, and a long one from Thorne, Carlisle, Oxenford, Foxe and Macdougall to that Lord in the King's Council who had winked at the *Goodly Token's* sojourn in the Solway. And next year came two ships, six months apart, bringing supplies and letters to "Our good subjects on Eldorado Island." Disfavor became favor.

Time made a beat of his wings. All mariners' charts now had it pricked down that Eldorado Island was settled by England and in Her Possession. Now and then ships touched. They found behind the reef and the racing foam, the shelving white beaches and the sheer, fantastic cliffs, a quiet, self-contained and hardy folk, poor enough, but with strange flashes and touches

of gentility. What with natural increase and some small coming in from ships, the population might now number four or five hundred. Acquaintance with Eldorado Island slowly spread through the indefinite space that may be said to be interested. The colony upon the opposite seaboard, across three hundred miles of blue water, a growing Titan while Eldorado Island was a growing elf or fay, took on knowledge of this minute neighbor. In another beat of the great wing the island became attached to that Colony, and henceforth shared its fortunes.

In forty years from the day of the wreck Robert Thorne died, a very old man and venerable. It was his lot to become a tradition, a legend, a culture hero, to Eldorado Island. "Our father, Robert Thorne." In time all who could remember the wreck of the *Goodly Token* died and were buried around the Church of the Salvation. But Thornes, Carlises, Oxenfords, Foxes and Macdougalls yet formed the Council that sent in yearly a stately report to the Colonial Council on the great continent. In the next generation there was added to these De Soria.

That came about in this way. A Spanish ship, bound to Florida, wrecked herself upon that same long reef that grew no weaker with the years. Ten men were brought ashore, and among them Don Diego De Soria, a Castilian of parts and character. Mortally wounded

by the reef, he died in Robert Thorne's house, bequeathing to him until his kindred at home might take him away, his son Sebastian, a splendid stripling of thirteen. The kindred never claimed. Sebastian De Soria grew to manhood among the Eldorado islanders and at twenty-two married Mary, granddaughter of Robert Thorne, born upon the island. They had children who married Carlises and Oxenfords and Berniers. Now the De Sorias were "old" with the others.

Descendants of the emigrants upon the *Goodly Token* were become in common speech the "old people." Descendants of all who entered and remained during the rest of the seventeenth century and the first quarter or so of the eighteenth received indeed the same appellation, though antiquarians and genealogists differentiated. A world-resounding political upheaval that occurred in the last quarter of the eighteenth century changed Eldorado Island from the appanage of a colony, to a county in a "sovereign" State, bound with a bundle of its peers into a Super State. After that all who removed their life and dwelling to this island were, by their place in time, "new people." And yet, as old people, middle-old people and new people married and intermarried, that might soon seem a distinction without much difference. But in the psyche of the islanders, who had their own fanciful way of regard-

ing things, the subtlest and strongest of webs did parcel into compartments these and many other matters. The old names bore up like so many rafts the old lines. In the first half of the nineteenth century, the breeding of Inca horses now being a source of considerable profit, and certain of the "old people" able to afford it, there had been purchased on the mainland and brought in for these leading families a few Negro slaves. The descendants of these are here still, house servants, field hands or about the horses. All together, old and less old and recent, the population of Eldorado Island may number five thousand. It is at the crest now and will hardly rise higher. More and more the young men, and lately now the young women, are going away. And yet, when they go, they love to think back. Once in mind it is never forgotten.

The island has its beauty, and it is not usual. You will not get a stranger, more accidented coast line. The cliffs are whitish, and when at morn and eve the low red sun strikes them and the shelving, narrow, white, intercepting beaches, it is much as if Loki had lighted his fires around some sleeping, great transgressor. At midday the whole thing is, as it were, volatilized. A little additional direct light and there would be no island there. At night it is a blur upon the sea, with the stars marching by. Canopus may not be seen, but to see it one would not have to travel southward any consider-

able distance. Hence the island knows no great rigor in winter, and in summer the ocean winds fan it. It is, however, difficult to find on any map. Just as ships seem never to have upon their log any passing or being passed by the *Hero* or the *Leander*.

New Annan stands at one end, Derwent at the other. New Annan has the feasible harbor, the wharf of the Manoa Line, the warehouse for the casks of salted herring. Most of the fishing boats go out from here. Its population is much the larger. Derwent lies small enough, above its small haven, and it, too, has fisher folk and craft, though nothing like so many. But behind Derwent lie the salt meadows, the best grazing for Inca horses. Where all is rural, rustic, fisher-like, herdsman-like, small farmer-like, this end of the island is the most so. It is a strange, rumped island, with many and many hills, and one mountain. And between these abrupt hills, many of them with sudden walls, bastions, ramparts of rock, stretch the fairest, most fertile vales, covered for the most part with fine grass. Here graze the horses, with Arabia and Spain deep, deep in their memory.

A certain amount of forest still abides with the island; enough, carefully guarded as it is, for simple needs. The houses are of stone. The great number of the farms are small, fifty acres or thereabouts. A little wheat, a good deal of Indian corn, is raised, but it is

the grazing that counts on Eldorado. There are vegetable gardens and everywhere flowers. The wealth of small flower gardens is at once remarked.

New Annan and Derwent have each a church, and a small, very old church, the Church of the Salvation, rises from a leafy churchyard midway the island. New Annan is the seat of political life. It has a tiny courthouse and a minute jail. There is a schoolhouse at New Annan and another at Derwent, and a small one near the Church of the Salvation. There are smithies, mills, and so forth. Small streams arise in the central range of hills, meander through the vales and empty into the sea. Besides these, the folk have wells and cisterns. There is hardly ever snow, but a good deal of rain, and at times a white, woolly fog. But when the sun shines it pours a peculiar luster.

Economically speaking, there exist upon Eldorado Island neither wealthy folk nor beggars, but all the grades between. There are considerable landowners, grazing herds of horses, and there are fishermen who live by the sea. Here as elsewhere are caste and party, though to the outer eye it is sunk to a degree in likeness, and though when there arises a common objective for love or for hate it is forgotten. Before the "outsider" the island may stand in one piece, welcoming for its own reasons and distasting for its own reasons. There are a bewildering variety of kinships, and the

same name is found up and down the ladder of fortune and consideration.

Stories enough, traditions enough, legends enough may be listened to upon Eldorado Island. A handful of these deal with an old, occasional use of this spot, so remote, so lonely, so simple and poor, as a place of exile. In the early years, when the generation of the *Goodly Token* was gone, and the generation after it had hardly as yet found its place in the world but was at the small, wild and scattered portion of the island's existence, the colony to which it now pertained found it convenient to send here two young men, guilty of acts of piracy — exiled them in short, they being of families with sufficient influence to save them from the gallows. These men lived and died here, tame and peaceable enough at the last. In the next half-century they were followed into banishment by three or four instigators of armed rebellion against acts of the Crown and of the Governor of the colony, and these, later in time, by a solitary man of the same kidney. A tradition of the fitness of the island flourished throughout the eighteenth and into the nineteenth century. Perhaps a dozen men, trouble-makers for Authority, lie buried in the three churchyards of the island. With the advance into modern times, exile to Eldorado as a penalty, or a commutation of penalty, ceased. But the legend lingered.

No one knows why it is called Eldorado Island. Nor why Inca horses, except that the one word suggests the other. The Manoa Line knows that it named itself Manoa because of the suggestion of the other names. They have the greatest power — they are the Great Twin Brothers — Suggestion and Association.

It has been stated that Eldorado Island is not easy to find on any map, and that ships rarely report passing or being passed by the *Hero* or the *Leander*. It is so with space and it is so with time, and the events of this narrative are not put down in the school histories.

In the highly modern year, nineteen hundred and blank (it will not be otherwise named) the Two Brothers, Suggestion and Association, working overtime throughout the world which was very thoroughly at war, or just ceasing from war but with the halo and perfume yet about it, included in their enormous labor, or their enormous play, as one wills, a stroke of the eye that swept from the continent to this blur in the blue ocean and back again.

As a result of that glance the local authorities upon Eldorado received notice that their island was once more to become the place of exile of a political offender. The exile's name was Richard Kaye. A gunboat would bring him to Eldorado, there to be domiciled for life, periodically to report to the Justices'

Court at New Annan, to suffer death if he left the island or was found upon any outgoing ship, or in any land from which he might be claimed. He had, it was stated, accepted these terms in exchange for incarceration in the Four Prison.

CHAPTER II

THE general war whose nimbus and perfume yet clung had followed the general war of the second decade of the twentieth century. In some ways its halo was greater and more widely diffused than the halo of the previous war, though that had been considered great. Through this mist, here gray and here ruddy, might be discerned, for one item out of thousands, the features of Dictators still Dictating. In this country, in that country, for the good of their countries, of course, and the picturesqueness of future histories. The tremendous country, of which Eldorado Island made a microscopic part, had hers — George Weld.

The village that gave birth to George Weld gave birth also, twenty years later, to Richard Kaye. George Weld, so soon as his childhood was over, had gone with the promptness that characterized him, to the City. Here his first years were bitter and fighting ones. No holidays! But when solid ground came beneath his feet, drawn there, urged there, it would almost seem, by himself alone, he took his first leisure and his first unpledged money and went to see the village. Thereafter, all the time that he was bending, year by year, the years to his unconscious purposes, he visited periodically, though for the shortest whiles, this somnolent

old town. (It will all be in the histories and biographies.) Upon some one of these occasions it is likely enough that he may have seen Richard Kaye, may even have stopped, at some leafy corner, the boy with his book, and had short converse about the old swimming hole and the blackberry pasture. Or about the book. What did boys read now? Had he ever read "The Swiss Family Robinson"? And "Ivanhoe"? And "The Last of the Mohicans"? And "The Arabian Nights"? It's likely enough.

Richard Kaye left the village when he was fifteen. He never returned, but he remembered it, and all that had been. Just the way the river ran. Just the way the mountain soared into the sky. Just the way the mold smelled in the autumn. Just the way the blackbirds gathered and talked and practiced and at last flew south. Just the way they alighted again in the spring and conversed, twenty to a dozen, every man and woman of them. Just the way in the forest the oaks, the chestnuts and pine trees rose columnar. Just the way the branches arched, the curtains of wild grape swung. Just the way the village went to church, and the churches it attended. Just the way the courthouse dozed and woke; just the way the jail filled and emptied. Just the way the train brought the travelers and took them away again. Just the way the merchants showed their goods and the people bought. Just

the way the newspaper was read, and what news interested and what did not, and the reasons for that. Just the way the politicians looked and spoke, when they came and spoke. Just the way election days went off. Just the way —

He remembered the old frame house in which he had lived, and the weeping willow and the cedars. He remembered his parents and his grandparents, when he had loved them and when he had not loved them. He remembered the girls of the village and the country girls who came in to church and to the old school-house behind the mulberry trees. He remembered three that he had thought especially beautiful. He remembered a young woman, a grown woman, whom he had worshiped from afar. He remembered the boys, his comrades, and the good times they had had. He remembered the stars at night and the crescent moon and the full. He remembered the old maid who had lent him books,— old Miss Serena who had inherited quite a library and who read in it. He remembered Great-uncle William who was a minister and a good and learned man, and with whom he sometimes walked along the river bank, and who talked with him of the soul and of God. And, he came afterwards to think, he remembered George Weld.

At fifteen he left the village. He went to college and then to the university and did well at both, yet

walked not infrequently into trouble through unconventional or radical views and actions. It is probable that he had been heretical in lives before this life. His university managed to remember him. And he made at this time three or four friendships that brought a long train of results.

He had chosen architecture for his profession. He went into partnership with Edward Mason, a quiet, solid, able, unselfish person, and the combination proved a harmonious and fortunate one.

There are architects and architects, as there are generals and generals, financiers and financiers, farmers and farmers, and for the matter of that dictators and dictators. Richard Kaye's chariot began to forge ahead, though not without shouts of contumely directed against him. But he also found those who recognized. He was daring yet was he stable. The Gardener Building made his name, and the Bridge Tower carried it further.

In the meantime he pursued three friendships begun at the university — Venn, Caxton and Adler. Especially pursued these though there were likewise others. At the university they had had their society — the Querists, they called it. Out of the university, all alike in the great city, they reëstablished the Querists, keeping the name. Venn was the leader here. One hundred members, no more, and no one who did not really

Query. Is there not Beauty other than the lady to whom we give that name? Has Truth really come into our bailiwick? What, in God's name, is Goodness? From these general headings Query promptly descended into particulars. Most of the Querists were young men, and devoted to some one nation of action. Little by little, Venn still leading, the Query began predominantly to concern itself with Goodness, Truth and Beauty — to keep the old terms which they did not always keep — in the political and economic field. Over all the world queries were springing like tares and wheat. The times bred them. It was the interregnum, the years of uneasy peace, of smothered war, between two great jaunts of Mars.

Richard Kaye spoke and wrote for the Querists. He was articulate. He could produce a talk or a magazine article with something of the quality of his work in stone and steel. He truly loved Venn, and came more and more at this time under his influence. As for Venn, increasingly he gave the answer with the query. The society of the hundred, the journal they published, the views they professed, began to be offensive to more than one controlling power. The conservative press took notice. Venn used to produce in triumph these denunciations.

But Kaye's heart was more with his building, and with certain other dreams of his own. At this time

he believed that he loved a woman, but she married elsewhere.

The uneasy peace ended in a night. Ancient and tremendous war struck his shield, blew his conch shell, danced before himself and for himself. It lasted long, that dance; it lasted long, that lurid light; it lasted long, that mob cry. It was almost as long and quite as mad as the old general war that even young men might remember.

Kaye was caught with the millions in the draft. He went to war; went murkily rebellious, but not at the point of individually wrenching free. Adler went. Caxton had a withered leg, having been caught in a great fire when a child. He stayed at home, resisted "service", and lost thereby position after position. Venn refused to fight, and took the penalty.

Mars' jaunt lasted three years. When it was over the picnic ground presented a sorry sight. After a moment of calm and false dawn there arose and spread almost everywhere a lengthy period of public fear, hatred, repression, substantial war, dictators. It has been called the period of dictators. In some lands revolutionary dictators, in other lands return-to-the-fathers dictators. But everywhere fear and hatred, and "Let us dictate!"

Richard Kaye came home. In those three years he had experienced times of feverish and forced spirits

and acquiescence, and times of cold fear and black wretchedness, and times of dead stillness, blank of thought or feeling, and times of ancient exaltation, and times of the dullest commonplace — “This is the soldier’s life and always has been and always will be. Be the soldier, and let it go at that!” and times of animal excitement when he knew how felt crouching tigers and charging elephants; and times of religiosity, emotional and sentimental and perfervid, and times of plain honesty. “I am densely ignorant. I am, thou art, he is; we are, you are, they are! Poor and ignorant!” And times of all these feelings in a mixture. At the very close of the war, on a night after a battle, had come to him an experience which stood out from all others in his life. He had seemed to awake, to awake from awakeness. It was over in a flash, but it left thrill and reverberation. So it *was* possible to be conscious in a different way, to know time, space and causation *differently* — with a greater completeness — otherwise! He thought, “Of all my memories that is the only one not just a fish with other fish in a net.”

But another such moment did not arrive to him, though he hoped for it.

He came home, after three years of, certainly, a kind of experience. He found, in the vast land that was his native country, a small, halcyon time of relief, of emotional exhaustion, of mental turning from the

old food in search of some new, vague, unknown food, of willingness to see Mars and Bellona depart. He found some dream of Pallas and Venus Urania. It lasted longer here than elsewhere; it lasted several years.

He resumed his profession, and it was now that his city received from him the Bridge Tower. He wrote also "Why Architecture?", a slender volume that seems likely to last. And he found Adler and Caxton and together they reassembled the Querists. "Reassembled" means that they could gather twenty out of the old hundred. Venn was in prison. The Querists, and many men and women who did not belong to or wholly think with the Querists, agitated for his release and the release of others. Richard Kaye worked with all his might for Venn and for these others. He thought that they had been stronger than he, Richard Kaye, had been. And he really labored now for and with the old society that was grown a new society, with many new members. The hundred extended itself to two hundred, and then stretched beyond that. He and Caxton and Adler worked together, worked hard. And immediately upon its reorganization had come in two other hard workers. Robert Gregory and Samuel North. They were hard workers, but they and Kaye and Caxton and Adler, alike in this, differed elsewhere.

The Querists now stood in the public eye and questioned political, economic and social theory and practice. The society was more direct, more radical, more active and sinewy than it had been. But still it thought of itself as educational, as evolutionary. Or the majority of its membership held that opinion. There existed a recognized minority of the left, but it was small, though highly vocal. The majority took certain of its utterances with an amused tolerance, but others with impatience. Gregory and North composed an extreme left. Adler one day called this quarter "the mountain", and the name stuck. If there were anything in the parallel Gregory would stand for Danton and North for Robespierre. But other times, other characteristics and similitudes. They were not Robespierre and Danton; no, nor Lenin and Trotsky, any more than Kaye, Caxton and Adler were Girondins, or of the house of Kerensky. But every one names by analogies, near or remote. As for the membership of the Querists, it was greatly increased.

The period of stillness of the general sea subtly waned. The halcyons riding the long, smooth breathings plumed themselves for flight. Storm clouds appeared. A wind of common distrust, suspicion, dislike and fright began to whine and whistle. This increased. It was already blowing loudly in other countries, and now this one also was involved, as it always was in-

volved. Alarms arose from unthought-of quarters. A great, screaming trumpet proclaimed that Mars had not made the complete retreat that was at first believed. The notion spread that he was returning in panoply. A general notion, an all-earth notion. Among the nations a few old partners strengthened partnership; others as promptly turned their coats and sought comrades in the camps they had opposed. Everything and everybody became highly rational. Dictators who had seemed to be upon the eve of retiring to the farm resumed the purple. Or, all suddenly, old dictators were down and some political or military prætorian stood in their places. (Certain things about this period made it easy to use terms out of antiquity. Just as in the first quarter of the century medieval terms had seemed appropriate, so now late Roman echoes breathed around.) George Weld remained Dictator. If he had considered return to his native village, an estate upon its outskirts and a great stone house to which he would welcome all and sundry and from which should pour benefits, he postponed the alluring prospect for another decade or so. Or for so long as his Country should need him.

A chemical shift and readjustment, energy at another level, promptly marked the Society of the Querists. The memberships increased, but the accessions were for the left. Daughter societies sprang up in

other cities, and some of these accounted themselves more advanced than their parent. But the parent group now flowed more redly. The direct actionists, the concretely revolutionary element, that hitherto had been small, now increased in mass and weight. Notably so when there entered Carthew. Carthew had been watching the association for some time from his own lonely mountain. Now he came in, and Caxton said to Adler, "Good-by, middle of the road!"

"What do you expect," asked Adler, "with the world as it is to-day?"

Caxton went to Kaye, "By hook or crook we've got to get in more moderates."

"They won't come, the moderates are frightened. It's the other kind now!"

"Then are we going to turn into a revolutionary party?"

"We are going to try to save the society for balance and the golden mean."

"Oh, Richard," said Caxton, "after all, you're a dreamer!"

When several months had gone by, it seemed that he must have been. For certainly in the public eye the Querists became a revolutionary association, pure and simple. Within the society occurred a struggle, fierce blame, gibes, foreboding. Members of the right left the organization, and this meant nearly all the original

members. Members of the center also began uneasily to sink away. But Kaye and Caxton stayed and struggled for a purpose and course of action that might yet have in it something of peace and persuasion. Adler crossed to the left, where he sat moodily. Venn was still in prison.

More and more Carthew dominated, with Gregory and North for his henchmen. There were now secret meetings, secret proceedings, all the ills of faction. The right hand did not any longer know what the left hand was doing. In the meanwhile the times grew more and more menacing. A strange panic was abroad. The people cried "Save us!" to the powers that had not saved them heretofore. The powers cried back, "We will! We shall!" and set further repressions upon their counter.

Within the Querists, Carthew became the Titan. Carthew's world vision, Carthew's will and power. There were friends that warned Kaye and Caxton. "Come out before you are finally blackened, before the fire from heaven falls!"

But Kaye and Caxton stayed, heading the minority that shrank and shrank.

Another month went by. Then half the shape of the war gods rose above the horizon. It seemed that the earth was about to spread for them another feast. In the curious light there took place an extreme both of

magnification and of minification. Solids appeared illusory, and illusions solids. Almost everybody cried aloud to some Hypostasis, "Rule! Rule!"

In a day befell martial law. The Dictator became Cæsar in his tent, and the moments those of perpetual crisis. No danger, possible or impossible, must be longer ignored or neglected.

There followed wholesale arrests. Within the Querists Carthew sat very quietly, and Gregory and March suddenly ceased all surface activity. *Tide over one week.* But the Dictator moved first.

Kaye and Caxton, who shared rooms, were taken one day at dusk. The charge? Conspiracy against the Government. In the dull, frowning prison, they were put in a cell together.

"Well, John?"—"Well, Richard?"

"What of the others?"

"They're all in the net, I make out. And another thing. We'll have to take pot luck. I doubt if Cæsar will be discriminatory."

"No. Well! What a strange, weary life it is, John!"

"Some of us may not have to bother with it very long."

And that seemed prophetic. For what had happened was other than they had imagined. Certainly they had not been of Carthew's counsel, nor had known the

readiness of Gregory and March, nor the extent to which such and such men had been pledged to Carthew, who was the Revolutionary writ large. But a greatly inflamed public and a Government bent only upon remaining the Government found difficulty in believing it. Sooth to say, they had their own difficulty in believing it when it confronted them all monstrously as it did. So infinitely deceiving are hope, belief, desire! The Plot? Know Catiline and know nothing of his plot? Have no guess at his depth of treason! In the days of legitimatized torture that succeeded, Kaye and Caxton wondered at times if they had not after all known. Then Caxton, who was never strong of body, contracted pneumonia, and in a week the physical heart failed and he was dead. Kaye, alone, wondered if he, Richard Kaye, had after all not known, and if it was worth saying over and over again, "I never preached the old physical force. I wanted another energy, another fire. No, I never approached or was approached by that Government."

During the trial he was glad that Caxton was out of it. He felt grief for Adler, who sat there white and steadfast, and for all the others with whom he had had fellowship. He felt grief for the world and for life.

Carthew stood huge and defiant. Gregory and March were much lesser men. But they bore them-

selves with courage all the same. No one gave any one else away. That had beauty in it.

Outside gray fear blew about the world, and a thousand, thousand shrill assumptions of divine rights.

The trial ended that had made a great stir, and that was all wrapped about with fear and noise and a red play of hatreds. Death for Carthew, Gregory and March. Death for others certainly implicated with them. Death for Adler, in whose possession had been found incriminating papers. Death for Kaye. Among Carthew's papers lay a letter from an enemy agent in which Kaye was mentioned as "sympathetic." Kaye explained what that meant and all that it meant. Carthew testified that it did not and never had meant the presence of Richard Kaye in his counsels. His counsels were his counsels. But all that was no matter. The General Antagonist had said that Kaye was "sympathetic." It was a time of fear, passion and stringency. Fine shades and degrees of danger were not for it. All was danger.

Carthew, Gregory and March and three others were executed. Kaye and Adler, lying in jail, expected the day when they also should say, "Good-by, fond world!" Then the Dictator spoke and these two were removed to a state prison where they should rest for life.

A year passed. Two years. The times grew calmer,

and there came commutation of sentence, for Adler twenty years in prison, and for Richard Kaye banishment for life to some island possession of his country. As has been said, many ideas out of antiquity reappeared in these times. Exile might be one of them. It was the Dictator — it was George Weld — who exercised mercy. And in the case of Richard Kaye it was because of the old village. Kaye was a native of the village.

Exile for life to Eldorado Island. That, too, was the Dictator. Once, on a dim, long-gone holiday jaunt, he had been to Eldorado Island. He had not forgotten it, and he knew somehow of its old exiles, probably had been shown their graves. He had in him curious deep touches of romance, like a small, sunken picture in a too-great bronze frame. Exile this native of the old village to Eldorado Island.

In such a case the individual is not asked if he accepts or declines. But as far as lay in him, Kaye accepted. He had never been revolutionary in the sense of Carthew, not even perhaps in the sense of Venn. He was weary of excess, under whatever banner. His followers had left him, not he them. He could do naught for Venn, naught for Adler, and Caxton whom he had loved next to Venn was dead. He recognized the heavy seas and the law of rhythm. He had inner independence. Exile held no particular attraction, but

life is life and prison is prison. Nothing held him back from a kind of dim relief and sense that sunshine and sea at least would be good.

"Then that is all right," said the Dictator. The Dictator sat back in his heavy chair and began to talk of the village. He had procured that Richard Kaye be brought here just for that, just so that he might say, "You wouldn't remember, you're too young; but I remember the old covered bridge, and I remember —"

At last he left the village, and in his curious, homely, ponderous way brought out, "Eldorado Island. There's something in the air of that island that I liked. You won't mind it. I remember that I thought, 'It's like one's childhood and boyhood shut up and kept for one. Or maybe one's Great Dream shut up and kept for one.' Everybody has a Great Dream. No, Mr. Kaye, you won't find life there so bad."

Kaye spoke of Venn. Of Adler also. But the Dictator cut him short. "They were not born where you were born, Mr. Kaye."

"It is not then," said Kaye, "understanding, nor even mercy, but a caprice of sentiment?"

"I shouldn't wonder," answered the Dictator. "I've bought the old walnut trees by the mill dam. Bought them last year — they were cutting them down."

CHAPTER III

NATURALLY enough, Eldorado Island felt the backwash of those waves that called themselves feeling, thought and deed, and that broke so hugely upon greater coasts of the world. But so tiny, remote and unimportant was it that it may be said to have ridden like a cork those waves. In addition there seem to be in this world localities which maintain, as it were, a fairy defense, invisible and yet diamond hard. Eldorado Island may have been one of these places, which are often, spatially speaking, insignificant enough. At any rate, although in the past decades a number of its young men had gone away to various camps of Mars and had failed to return, and although prices for its salted herring and its Inca horses, and prices for the commodities which these went to pay for, had changed and changed again, and so made difference, and although now and again in these clusters of years it had beheld warships upon the sea and warships in the air, and although once there befell a great wreck upon Goodly Token Reef, and so the legends of the island were added to — although all this was so, yet those fringing cliffs and sloping ivory beaches and the hills behind, did seem to toss back and afar the stormy color and the jangling sound of those earth masses at

varying distances across the blue, surrounding sea. Moreover, by this time, those passions themselves were beginning to act as though oil had been besprent. It seemed that human society, from sheer exhaustion of old motives, or just perhaps from the belated entry of some other principle, might be at the beginning of new things. Vague beginning, faint beginning.

It was June. Eldorado Island lay its length in the beautiful, lustrous light, the green and blue moving freshness. All things shone, the hills, the vales, the fields, the running streams and silver beaches, the wave-carved cliffs, the deep woods and many roadside trees, the wandering ways, the unpretending houses rising behind wide boughs and blooming gardens, the sickle harbors and the two little towns. The island had many singing birds and an outrageous number of butterflies and bees. White clouds in a deep blue sky, with a light wind behind them, cast shadows on the hills like heraldic beasts and crafts of fancy. The many blooming locust trees and the much honeysuckle, the wild roses and fresh, deep grass, the pine trees and the pyramidal cedars sent out perfume. It did not end with them; all things were censers. A finer eye might have seen the odors moving, might have made out an iridescence of interpenetrating atmospheres.

The *Marius* was in sight.

The fishing boats from New Annan and those from

Derwent were out together, ten miles from Eldorado Light. So there were neither boats nor fishermen about the wharf. It was the finest farming weather and farmers found their main business within their own acres. They and their hired labor moved in the fields, not on the streets or upon the wharf of New Annan. It was nowhere near the day for either the *Hero* or the *Leander*. The Inca horses roved freely in their deep, narrow meadows or upon the hills. No driving them to town to-day by the leafy roads, no penning beside the sea, no terrified being hauled, dragged, lifted, into the great, unsteady barn that should take them away over salt, blue, dizzy fields from Eldorado Island! Therefore there were no drovers to-day in New Annan, no lookers for the *Hero* or the *Leander*, with merchandise to take off or to put on; no seekers either for the mere excitement of the outer world dropping anchor here for a bit. The long brown wharf had a few loafers, and that was all. As for a feather of smoke on the horizon, that was not, after all, so infrequent as to make a commotion and bring people running. Ships of kinds went by, of course.

But three men waiting in the parlor of the Garland and looking from the wide, low window that commanded the sea, stiffened at the sight of the feather. "There's the gunboat!"

“ Somehow, to get a message through the air, ‘ I’m coming!’ is just as wonderful to me to-day as it was when I was a boy and the ways of it were new.”

“ It’s mighty convenient. In old times Eldorado folk waited day after day, never knowing when the ship would be here, or for the matter of that if it ever would be here. They knew almighty little then! Doubtless those that come after will say the same of us.”

The door opened and a fourth man — considerably younger than the others — entered the room.

“ Good morning, Doctor!”

“ Good morning, Captain Carlisle. Good morning, Squire. Good morning, Mr. Oxenford. Well, yonder’s our Exile!”

“ Aye, aye!” said the large, ruddy, jovial, elderly man, addressed as Captain Carlisle. “ It’s curious, isn’t it, how things repeat? It’s many a year since the last one, and everybody saying, ‘ Those old times are gone forever!’ And then a morning like this blooms wide open, and here’s the banished man again!” They all stood staring at the sapphire ocean.

The slight, withered, ivory-skinned, thoughtful man, elderly too, who was Robert Thorne, called by every one “ Squire ” because his father, his grandfather and his great-grandfather had been so called, tapped dreamily upon the wide window sill. “ It would be more

curious, Timothy, if they didn't repeat. More curious, profoundly more so."

Oxenford, elderly also, with a long beard and round eyes, had the spyglass belonging to the parlor of the Garland and now used it. "Yes, a gunboat. Want to look, Doctor?"

Doctor Hector Andros, a tall, red, lean man, poised the glass. "Yes, a gunboat. I see you've got Jacob Whiddon and Henry Noon downstairs. All the panoply of the law. Three justices and two constables. Poor devil! Leaving his own forever — a gunboat kindly bringing him — you three and your myrmidons taking him over — and the little, old, haunted house under Apple Tree Hill awaiting him and his belongings, if he's got any. Terrible, terrible destiny, and an amusing world! Isn't it an amusing world, Squire?"

"That's as you look at it, Andros. Yes, it's amusing. It's all things."

"She's coming fast," said Carlisle, who now had the glass. He lowered it. "Well, we didn't know, Doctor, just what was expected of us. There isn't any precedent — it's been so long since any such thing happened! So I said to Whiddon and Noon, said I, 'You just be on the wharf with your badges and staves. We'll get some indication from the way he's brought and delivered to us. The world's gone back so in its methods, so to speak, that almost anything that has

been may be. For all we know, they may have him in chains like an ancient felon. Though I don't consider that at all likely. On the other hand, they may deposit him among us very simply, just like a passenger coming of his own free will on the *Hero* or the *Leander*. But as it's a puzzle to us justices yet, you just be on the wharf, Whiddon and Noon, but don't obtrude yourselves. And don't talk.' That's what I said to them.—None of us have talked a great deal. Though the island knows generally that he's coming sometime, hardly anybody knows that we got a wireless, and that the *Marius* is bringing him. Quiet and decent, say I!"

Robert Thorne spoke in his voice like a melancholy old violin, "I've gathered from the letters about it that it's truly the Dictator's doing and arranging and all. He's got some private reason. That being the case, it will all be as he is."

The *Marius* increased in size, Carlisle, Thorne, Oxenford and Andros, standing in a row at the window, stared at her and at the glamorous day and the silver sparkle of the sea. It was full tide and the crystal air brought the boom of surf against Spanish Reef and Spanish Cliff that made one horn of the harbor. The brown wharf went out like a long, beckoning finger. The three children belonging to the Garland were making mud pies under the poplar in the little dooryard.

"There! She's laying to. I didn't believe she'd come into harbor. God didn't make us very spacious."

"Perhaps we ought to have had our boat ready and gone out to her. I didn't think of that —"

"Don't fash yourself, Carlisle. It's just the same if she sends one in."

"It's our way," said Oxenford with his moon eyes, "to let them come to us."

The *Marius* anchored in the smooth sea the other side the bar. A boat was lowered. With the glass they could tell that beside the rowers it contained four men, three in uniform, one in brown, civilian clothes. The awaiting authorities quitted the Garland and stepped across the white street to the wharf. The children under the poplar still shaped and patted and set on a board in the sun their mud cakes. Upon the wharf the idlers and others had increased in number, but yet made no great showing. Whiddon and Noon stood ostentatiously care-free and detached. Yet it got about; certainly when the three elderly, important men appeared, it flew around.

"I know what it is! It's that murderer coming that's to live and die with us!"

"He didn't do murder. He's one of those conspirators that was going to blow up the world."

"And I suppose, Tom Green, that wouldn't be murder?"

"Well, who'd judge about it? Anyhow, it's not murder unless it's done. They couldn't get gunpowder enough, them folk! It was all being used at the fifty-dozen allowed for Fronts."

"Tom Green, you've traveled too much! Anyhow, if it wasn't murder, it's thievery. They plotters tried to steal the country."

"Well, if they did, they couldn't. The country's displaying itself and shining in the same old window!"

"Tom reads every newspaper that the *Hero* and the *Leander* bring. I read 'em too. Weren't they shot or hanged two years ago, a lot of them?"

"Aye, the Dictator had a case against them. But there must have been something to say for this man. Anyhow, the Dictator said it. He said that after two years of prison he should just come live on Eldorado Island. I reckon here he is, coming in that boat — Cap'n Carlisle and Squire Thorne and Mr. Oxenford being there at end of wharf to meet him, and Jacob Whiddon and Henry Noon just sauntering around and looking innocent. But, Lord! He ain't dangerous. A broken man, so to speak. And the nature of his being laid down here, as I make it out, is just because we used in old times to have they exiles that are all buried now in a corner of the churchyard of the Salvation with weeds and myrtle growing over them. Moreover and

besides, God knows you can't always tell just why Dictators do what they do!"

"Are we to be harsh to this broken man?"

"I don't see the need of it. But there's no need either of going arm in arm with him. Those old ones, I've heard, were pretty well left alone. They turned out harmless, much like ghosts flitting about."

The boat from the *Marius*, strongly rowed, came smoothly and swiftly to the green piles and sun-bleached steps of the New Annan wharf. Arrived, the men in uniform and the man in brown, civilian clothes mounted to the landing and the waiting group.

The great name of Robert Thorne of the *Goodly Token* made a shadowy dais for his descendants. The Thorne who dwelled by inheritance in Thorne House was always a justice of the island, and in any formal and public event had by prescription the first word. Thus the present Robert Thorne, a diffident, sensitive dreamer, asking only a solitude of Nature, books and a quiet household, and not to be held responsible to any life of summoning gongs and bells and trumpets, yet found himself periodically pushed forth by the very might of a man that though long dead yet lived. Now it was he who welcomed Captain Fielding and Lieutenant O'Neill—the third man was a sergeant—to Eldorado Island and presented Captain Carlisle, Mr. Oxenford and Doctor Andros. Greetings were ex-

changed. "And," said Captain Fielding, a pleasant, quick, manly fellow, "this, gentlemen, is Mr. Kaye, who is to live among you, and for whom the Dictator bespeaks your every friendliness compatible with the circumstances."

The four island gentlemen took the cue. As for Richard Kaye, he answered their formal and courteous greeting with one as formal and courteous. "Not wild-eyed, at any rate," thought Doctor Hector Andros. "Deep type that's had experience."

The present Thorne, having done his duty, seemed to think that he had earned semi-retirement. Captain Carlisle came as innocently forward to take charge. It was always so. Captain Carlisle, good-natured, large and fluent, with the most considerable house and the greatest number of acres and of Inca horses of any upon the island, always stood in the rear of Robert Thorne for one official moment, and then exchanged places. Unless it was a very official moment indeed, Thorne always said with precipitance, "You, Carlisle," and returned to the hermitage which he carried about with him. So it was now.

"It is almost noon," quoth Carlisle, "and my house — Pleasant Hill — is not far from town. I've a couple of carriages here, and Mrs. Carlisle and I hope, Captain Fielding, that we may have the honor of your company to dinner — I mean 'luncheon', sir, but we

still call it 'dinner' on Eldorado Island. If you've never seen this bit of earth, it has features and history, sir. Moreover, perhaps we could better take at Pleasant Hill any instructions, as well as make our own explanations —"

"Why, thank you, sir," said Fielding. "The *Marius* will not depart till late afternoon, so that will suit us very well." He intercepted the Eldoradian's somewhat puzzled glance toward the exile. "Mr. Kaye, of course also, sir." He lowered his voice — they were standing somewhat apart from the others. "Mr. Kaye is a political prisoner. Or rather, he has been a prisoner but is not so any longer, except that he may not leave your island. His position here among you, with certain exceptions which I am deputed to explain to you and will do so later, is that of any other resident of the island. An exile for political offenses. But personally a gentleman, a man of ability and very likeable.— Lieutenant O'Neill and myself and Mr. Kaye will dine with you and Mrs. Carlisle with much pleasure, sir."

With that the divided flowed together again. "Then Captain Fielding, then Lieutenant, then Mr. Kaye," quoth Captain Carlisle genially, "shall we all go to Pleasant Hill? The Sergeant, here, I understand will see to the debarkation of Mr. Kaye's effects. A colored man is waiting with a wagon, Sergeant. I will send him to you. He knows about everything. You will

find too, Sergeant, that the Garland sets a good table and has orders. And here are two New Annan men that you can rely upon. Whiddon! Noon! You'll give the Sergeant and the men from the *Marius* all the help, comfort and pleasure that you can."

"It is probable," said Fielding, "that several of the officers of the *Marius* will come ashore."

The principal men looked at one another. "Then, Edward Oxenford, you had better stop here to welcome them. You and Andros. And tell Dick Green to have his surrey ready, if they want to drive. I'll come back to town with Captain Fielding and Lieutenant O'Neill. Marian and Julia and all of us are sorry to miss you from Pleasant Hill. Now, gentlemen!"

By now there was more than a handful of the curious upon the wharf. They moved through this gathering and across to the Garland where, in a wide, leafy lane, awaited two vehicles. Motor cars were not. Eldorado Island was so small a place and the roads were soft earth and sand, and only a few inhabitants could have afforded cars, and for these there existed the beautiful horses and old pride in them and in old carriages. Carlisle saw bestowed in one of these equipages Captain Fielding, Richard Kaye and Robert Thorne. As he hesitated a moment over his divisions, a young man made to cross the lane mouth. The owner of Pleasant

Hill saw him and called out, "Alexander! Alexander De Soria!"

Alexander De Soria turned and came toward the carriage. Carlisle, meeting him, spoke a few words in an undertone, then brought him to the waiting group, and when he had achieved introductions, put him in the second carriage with Lieutenant O'Neill. He himself took the fourth place in the first vehicle, with a sigh of satisfaction at having things at last arranged. Oxenford and Andros and John Diggory who kept the Garland, the various loafers and the children who had quitted the poplar and their mud pies saw them off. The negro drivers spoke mellifluously to the horses, the carriages left the lane and took the High Street of New Annan that basked in the sun, almost deserted, and content with its condition.

"Well!" said Andros to Oxenford. "He doesn't precisely look like one of the old pirates!"

"The Good Book," answered Oxenford, stroking his beard, "says that appearances are deceitful. Not that I suppose he is just exactly one. Nothing's stranger in old stories and history books, Doctor, than the way decent men get mixed up in dangerous thinkings and doings!"

CHAPTER IV

ONE might suppose that so spatially restricted a thing as this island might present a monotony of feature and expression. The supposition would fail of the truth. If the sea is monotonous, it had all the sea; and if the sky is monotonous, it had all the sky; and if weather lacking no color save that of excess of heat or of cold is monotonous, it had that. Even there, it could give at times heated days and icy ones. In its small number of square miles occurred many a mood of Mother Earth, and the elemental kingdom of rock and soil and stream had an understanding with the atmospheres, palpable and impalpable, that wrapped the island. "Impalpable" and its like are, perhaps, the descriptive words.

On such a June day as this — after the pure sea, after naked stone pressing close, close upon eyeballs — Eldorado Island might seem something more than faëry, much like a paradise. Not a gorgeous, luxuriant paradise, no, no! But a simple, modest, quaint and charming one.

So felt, each in his own way, the three from the great continent. The novelty of the shabby, comfortable, wheeled carriages, moving at such a pleasant slowness over fair country roads that at the top of hills showed

the sea, and took the crystal breeze and then dipped into long, leafy, blossomy, perfumed hollows; the beauty and strength of the horses attached; the good-natured, old-fashioned, country courtesy of these justices, the evident provinciality, rusticity, remoteness from great aggregates of human beings and the ways of great aggregates, and yet neither rudeness nor uncouthness, of the men and women who met or passed upon the road; the freshness, sweetness and song of the day — it is not to be wondered at that the guests bound for Pleasant Hill thought, “There are worse lots than living here!” Captain Fielding, who knew that he would see the Dictator upon his return from this errand, made mental notes.

Robert Thorne, without seeming to do so, marked in his quiet way the silent man who would not leave this afternoon upon the *Marius*. “You like it?” he said to him at last.

“Yes.”

“It has other moods. This is one of its moods. But it has others. You will not like them all. At least, I do not. Taking my ancestors with me, I have been here three hundred years. Yes, it has many moods.”

Kaye looked at him more closely than he had done. “There may be places that have frozen and stiffened into one mood. Indeed, I think that there are. I am willing that it should not be so here.—Do you feel,

personally, so to speak, those three hundred years?"

"Yes, at times."

"The cliffs at this end and the reef at this end," Carlisle remarked cheerfully, the carriage being now at the top of a hill whence much was visible, "we've always called Spanish Cliff and Spanish Reef, because of the *Santa Clara* that broke up there thirty years after the *Goodly Token*. It was the *Santa Clara* that gave us our half-dozen Spanish names, De Soria of course and others. Alexander, yonder with the Lieutenant, is the fifth or sixth generation — I never can remember which — from Don Diego. I think he looks Spanish, myself."

"Interesting place!" said Captain Fielding and meant it. "I think I'll come back some day, Mr. Kaye, and visit you."

"You'll be very welcome if you do," answered Kaye.

"Yonder," said Carlisle, "is Pleasant Hill."

Pleasant Hill was not much of a hill, but emphatically was pleasant. The house stood not so old, having been built on the site of the older and smaller one by the present owner's grandfather and added to by himself. Moreover, architecturally, it represented hodge-podge, wood as well as stone, and with features novel upon the island. But it had great trees and blooming shrubs and clambering vines, and it took the sweet air

and overlooked a great, green meadow where wandered Inca horses. The gates stood open; they went up a short driveway under locusts and lindens, and here was a porch — porches were one of the novelties — and two fine dogs, and in the doorway to welcome them Mrs. Carlisle, who had been Marian Foxe, and who was comely and simple and dignified.

Inside, the house proved roomy, furnished with old and new, not lacking comfort nor island elegance. A negro servitor brought them homemade wine. Decanter and glasses seemed a hundred years old. The parlor spread vaguely, large, cool and dim, with the scent of roses pulsing from bowls and vases. In a corner stood a harp that had been brought with great admiration, long ago, to the island. A pencil of light from one of the windows regilded its frame. And dinner would be ready directly, and Mrs. Carlisle left the gentlemen alone.

Kaye moved across to the roses in a bowl upon a mahogany table. He thought "They are old, old garden roses, older than those Uncle William had in his garden, and those were old roses."

"Are you fond of flowers?"

His movement had brought him near the young man who had come with O'Neill in the second carriage. A slight, neither short nor tall, dark young man, he saw, with hair worn rather longer than was usual, and with

an indefinable looseness and picturesqueness about his clothing, though the latter when examined proved just the ordinary dress of the Eldorado Island "gentry."

"Yes, I like flowers," answered Kaye. "Don't you?"

"My feeling is adoration," said the young man.

He had a slow, liquid, up-and-down speech, and quite magnificent eyes. "You are a poet," remarked Kaye, smiling.

"No," said the young man. "I absorb what others give. It has always seemed to me vulgar to put it down."

"Well, that is one way of looking at it!"

"You come to us," said Alexander De Soria, "under strange circumstances. I have often wondered how it feels to be — what you have been."

"What have I been?" said Kaye. "I will tell you. A man perplexed, trying only to put down what he feels."

"Here is Julia!" said De Soria and moved toward the door.

Mrs. Carlisle had returned, and now after her came the only living child of the house, a woman somewhere between twenty-five and thirty, Julia Carlisle. All in the parlor turned toward her as she came in, wearing a lavender muslin, her deep gold hair piled high. Rather tall, somewhat largely made, with a sumptuous beauty

that yet knew how to keep grace and not to appear too sumptuous, in much good nature and kindly, as became her father's daughter; and in much self-centered, determined on her own way, and feline; now warm and approachable and now building triple ramparts about herself, and always, day and night, richly, sensuously, goldenly beautiful — this and other matters was Julia Carlisle. That she was still Julia Carlisle may be accounted for by circumstances. At twenty she had been betrothed to James Macdougall. But the war took him away and he never returned. Two years later she plighted faith with the son of one of the Manoa Line owners who came that summer to see Eldorado of which he had heard so much. What broke this engagement was never known, but it was broken. Julia broke it, said the young man, and most other people. After a considerable interval an engagement arose between her and her cousin Charles Foxe. But the great storm of that year caught him in his boat beyond Eldorado Light and he was drowned. Time went by, and now folk were saying that Alexander De Soria would provide the wedding. The Carlisles did not say so, nor the De Sorias, but the island at large considered the likelihood. In the estimation of her world she was the principal young woman upon Eldorado, behind her the Pleasant Hill property and all the Carlisles since the *Goodly Token*, and with her beauty and likeable-

ness. So, her qualities upon her head and drawn around her, she walked in a burst of gold-dust light into the dim parlor.

"My lord!" thought Fielding. "I am going to turn revolutionary and be exiled!"

There were presentations. And almost immediately every one went out to dinner, where they met an ancient mahogany table, great abundance of food, and a homely elegance. Julia Carlisle — the giving her both names was a universal habit — Julia Carlisle sat between Captain Fielding and Alexander De Soria and opposite to Lieutenant O'Neill. She had a slow, dulcet voice with a whole rich landscape in it, and it was her custom to make others do a good deal of the talking. She could talk when she wished to, and something usually came of her talking. Now she listened with a deep flattery to Fielding, and in a less degree to O'Neill.

At the other end of the table Kaye thought, "So the island has its goddesses!" but thought no more than that. He listened to his host, and when the latter's attention went elsewhere, turned to speak to his neighbor, Mr. Thorne, who apparently was generally called "Squire." "A retiring and hermit-like squire," thought Kaye, and then, "I too shall grow, perforce, retiring and hermit-like."

It did not deceive him, his inclusion this day in island society, the courtesy and welcome. It was all of this

day, and the way that Fielding handled things. Fielding was a fine sort! But Fielding and the *Marius* would steam away, and there would remain a man under a life sentence, a poor man, and an alien here, lacking kindred and any friends of his own choosing and binding, without root in the past of this place and with no future for any tendril to cling to; a foreigner by kind as well as by birth, a prisoner still who must walk circumspectly, who must report himself every three months to one of these island authorities, who must, he foresaw, attain no reputation of being able to draw men to him and to make himself listened to. Acceptance upon their island, decent treatment, full expectation that an exile would know that his other name must be "solitary"—he saw all that floating in this golden June atmosphere, in this friendly day. He would make the best of it, good, bad and indifferent. There was more good than he had expected. "So, Richard, be cheerful!" He quaintly saw, as though it had been placed before him upon the table, a worn volume of Epictetus. It had disappeared during his first year at the University. Where was it?

Robert Thorne was speaking. "Did you bring books with you, Mr. Kaye?"

"Yes. A box full."

"That's well. A man gets to depend upon them."

And at last dinner was over. Every one moved from

the dining room out into the wide hall, with a tall clock ticking away the afternoon, or into the spacious dim parlor of the roses and the harp, or out upon the porch where a broad-leaved vine kept off the sun and yet showed the shining meadows and the sea. And then the two justices and Captain Fielding vanished into Carlisle's room of general business, at the back of the house. Kaye saw them depart, and inwardly had a grim smile. "Now are my metes and bounds being set forth."

O'Neill seemed to take him in charge. They went out upon the porch, but in a moment De Soria and Julia Carlisle were with them. The strong light did not hurt her beauty; she was, he saw, really beautiful. For a moment her eyes regarded him with a seeming detachment, only with her there was never such a thing as detachment. Her eyes were a deep, warm brown, with heavy lids that rarely let the full iris be seen. When she had looked at him so, she turned her head slightly and spoke to O'Neill, and presently took them all to the end of the porch where was another view. A hammock hung here. "My hammock," she said. "Now look this way, Lieutenant O'Neill. Derwent is in this direction, only we cannot see it, and the sea, too, is hidden. But beyond that farthest hill is Goodly Token Beach, and beyond the beach the reef where the ship went down."

"What is the church spire in the middle distance?"

"That is the Church of the Salvation, the oldest on the island. The oldest church and churchyard. That sharp, bare hill, striking up out of a wood is Apple Tree Hill." Something came into her voice as she said this.

De Soria, beside her, said, "There are a lot of haunted places on this island."

"That seems to me likely," answered O'Neill, who had 'Celt' written large upon him. "Ghosts and fairies. Terrible things and lovely things."

"You've seen it then," said De Soria indifferently. "It isn't everybody that can see it."

"It's not too warm to walk in the garden," said Julia Carlisle. "The roses are at their best now, and there's another view from the clematis arbor. Alexander, will you bring Mr. Kaye?"

So they left the porch and walked in the garden, and a half hour went by. A turn brought them into view, across a wall covered with a trumpet vine, of the Pleasant Hill stable and stable yard. "They are putting the horses to the carriages," said O'Neill. "Mr. Kaye and I had better return to the house."

They all went back and found the justices and Captain Fielding upon the porch.

"Aye, it's time to be going, gentlemen."

"Going where?" The question, somewhat fan-

tastically decked, rose in Kaye's mind. "Some solitary hut by the sea that I am not to cross — or lodging for an exile with some poor family — or a house of cards and dreams topping one of these hills and melting off into those cumulous clouds? The long home of my body until it dies, and now it is thirty-seven, though somewhat impaired in health by the past two years. Going where? Going where? Another dream habitation, for they've all, I think, been dreams."

But when, after driving three miles, they reached it, it was again not what he had imagined. It lay under that Apple Tree Hill that had been pointed out. A small, stone house, once ruinous but now shored up and mended, with an acre or two of earth about it, and all enclosed by a low, more or less broken stone wall, stood in the bent arm of a wood, left from the forest that anciently clothed the island. The hill rose abruptly, quite bare and green to its summit. Upon the crest, melting now into the June sky, with its blossoms not long shed and its young leaves a miracle of fresh, satiny green, grew a very ancient, wide-boughed apple tree. The only tree there, and with some story about it, it gave this rise of earth its name. But the small house under the hill, thrust out from the wood and yet veiled from the road, was called Rainbird's house. There would be, of course, a story about that also. It seemed that there were stories about most things upon

the island. Five high, dark and shaggy cedars, three poplars, a cherry tree and a birch grew before Rainbird's house, and behind it a number of ancient and gnarled apple trees. The place had a garden patch and some old, neglected flowers and vines. Grass and weeds had grown rankly but were now partly cut. The scythe with which the work had been done hung from the lowest bough of the cherry tree.

"Here we are!" said Carlisle, with something doubtful in his voice. "The only place, I give you my word, Captain Fielding, that is untenanted on the island, and it didn't seem right to build until we knew where we were. Rainbird's. I don't believe you'll find it bad, Mr. Kaye."

"Why should I?" asked Kaye. "I like it very much. I am obliged to you for your trouble, gentlemen."

"It has been repaired and made clean. No one has lived here for a long while."

"Not for a hundred years," said Robert Thorne.

"I understand," said Kaye. "Was the last exile's name Rainbird?"

"Yes. Leonidas Rainbird."

"Well, I like his name! Perhaps we shall become friends."

"Perhaps," said Thorne. But his fellow justice seemed for a moment embarrassed. They all got out of

the carriage. There was now only the one, the other having gone on with O'Neill and Alexander De Soria to New Annan.

"Jim!" shouted Carlisle, then, "Jim's the Negro I've put here for the moment. He'll stay on if you want him, Mr. Kaye."

"Oh, you'll have to have some one," put in Captain Fielding. "Take him, Kaye."

"Very well, I will. If his wage is not too high."

Carlisle mentioned the amount. It was within the scope of that small fund that stood to the name of Richard Kaye at the New Annan bank, — Kaye's money, transferred there, but from which he might draw only such and such a sum a month. Not a great sum; a small sum indeed, even by Eldorado Island standards.

The colored driver shouted, "Jim!" Rainbird's had an echo, thrown from Apple Tree Hill. It came faintly now, "Jim! Jim!"

They were within the gate. Worn stones with grass between led to the door stone and the open door. Awakened at last from his siesta, Jim now emerged from the house, a big man, mahogany brown, with great good nature and strength written upon and around him. "I was cutting grass," he apologized, "and it was powerful high and thick, and everything got so sleepy it couldn't stand me awake no longer —"

Robert Thorne stayed without, seated on an up-turned wheelbarrow under an althea bush, watching the long shadows that the cedars cast. The others, Jim escorting, went inside. The door gave directly upon Rainbird's living room, a square, clean, bare place, scantily furnished. Here upon the floor had been heaped Kaye's effects, brought from New Annan wharf and the *Marius*. To the right of the living room a cell-like sleeping chamber with a narrow bed, a chair, a chest of drawers, a small mirror and a cupboard with hooks and shelves; to the left as small a room, quite bare and furnitureless. In the living room opposite the front door another door opened directly upon tangled grass and a poplar tree and upon a wing or jut of Rainbird's house in which two small rooms served, one as kitchen and pantry, the other as Jim's apartment. It was now past the mid-afternoon, and a sweet and deep hush lay over this demesne. An old, old bush of hundred-leaved roses shed its perfume, and the close and dark and tall cedars theirs.

Into the eyes of Richard Kaye came sudden tears. He winked them back before the others might see. After prison all this had an ineffability. In prison he had inwardly clenched, many a time, with the architect who first designed and built a wall. Now all this! He did not mind the quiet, or the solitude. He might live upon Eldorado a life different indeed from any fore-

casting of his as boy or man, but yet a life that would find its own, and find it in some wise a jar of treasure. A small jar and slight treasure, perhaps, but still a glint of gold. Sorrow and bitterness of course, but also gold.

He thanked the two justices with dignity. It came to him that Rainbird's was really the choice of Robert Thorne. The genial Carlisle had advocated that lodging with some family to whom the money he could pay would be welcome, and who might at least bestow upon the poor wretch company and conversation. He felt grateful to Thorne, but grateful indeed for human kindness to both. Fielding, too, he liked. When it came to parting, he and the Dictator's man shook hands. "I have a feeling, Richard Kaye," said the one returning to the *Marius*," that there's more Providence behind things than is generally allowed for!"

"I hope then that It will bring us happily together again somewhere, sometime! Thank you — Fielding!"

A few moments and they were gone. The sound of the wheels lasted less than no time and with the greatest promptitude the cedars hid the carriage. Kaye and Jim were left.

"Well, Jim!"

"Yaas, sir, that's me!"

"I hope that you like Rainbird's as well as I do."

Jim grinned. "I like it so far. I've been here since yesterday, and I haven't seen anything but peacefulness. Anyhow, everybody that knows me knows I'm not afraid of haunts. Never was!"

"Then Rainbird haunts it?"

Jim regarded space, then brought his eyes back to Kaye. "*Something* haunts it, or maybe it just haunts itself. Some folk say that Apple Tree Hill throws something down upon it, just like a stream would come down hill or a wind scour along. Some say it's just plain Rainbird, walking and walking like he used to do. But Lord! He couldn't hurt you, less'n it was in you to get hurt. When I was little, my mother and me used to live alongside of Derwent graveyard. She and me used to wander around in there — and after sunset too, Lord! — and talk about the dead folk and nothing ever happened to us. We was fond of them. 'No,' says I to folk, 'eat your three meals and do your work and say your prayers and you needn't be afraid of no thin things like haunts!' — I'll finish this grass to-morrow, sir. Captain Carlisle had flour and meal and bacon and eggs and things sent in. There's fish and rolls and coffee for your supper."

CHAPTER V

A BIRD was singing. Heavenly sweet.
Apple Tree Hill. He would climb it.

Venn — Venn and Adler — Happy Caxton!

A bird that answered. Was it a thrush? A little more sleep, seeing that he had not slept till late.

No. He could not.

Behind him half, perhaps, of his life. It ran like beads upon a string. Childhood, youth, school and university, the chosen profession, work, friendship, love of woman, sorrow, gladness, thought, feeling, action. Associative life, a public purpose and cause. War, deep disillusion, stubborn arise once more of stubborn purpose. Associative life again, but now stormy, bitter and dangerous, with deep disappointments and defeats within and without. Disaster. Imprisonment and trial, odium, sentence of death, then commutation of that to long imprisonment. Commutation again, this second commutation. Farewell for life to country, to what friends remained to him and what family was left him, to his profession and joy in it, to all work as heretofore he had defined work, to ambition, to service, to use and purpose. Farewell, oh, farewell! And yet what was saying farewell, where was not parting with anything, no, no inner

parting; that would be the real parting! Beads upon a string. Venn, Caxton, Adler, Carthew. That strange person, George Weld, the Dictator.

All the singing birds and the smell of lilac.

The Gardener Building. The Bridge Tower.

Epictetus. Apple Tree Hill and Rainbird's House. The Stoics. A slave with a broken leg — yet he taught of the toga with the purple hem. An exile — a Stoic. Epictetus practiced good cheer.

The birds of June and the scents of June. Early sunlight, fine and thin and gold. This colorful island and not unkindly people. This small, clean, bare room with two windows and no wall without the windows, close, close and high. Life! Goodly and deadly Life. Deadly and goodly Life. And where it leads, God only knows.

He left his bed, washed and dressed.

His watch said that it was seven. In the main room now, he regarded for a moment its possibilities. "I must get a clock. It's great company." Opening the front door he stood upon the doorstep. The cherries were ripening upon the cherry tree. The poplar quivered its every small, cool green leaf. The cedars, sufficiently like tall cypresses, rose into a sky ineffably clear, new-washed and bright. All cool and pure felt the air around him. Lines of Wordsworth's came to him across the years.

— if I were sullen . . .
 We will grieve not, rather find
 Strength in what remains behind . . .
 In years that bring the philosophic mind.

When have I thought of that? “If I were sullen —”

He walked around his house — Rainbird's and his. Jim was coming from the spring with a pail of water.

“Good morning, Jim!”

“Morning, Mr. Kaye!”

Kaye said, “My name is Richard. When I was a boy, folk in my village called me Dick, and some have kept on doing so.”

“I like first names better too,” said Jim. “It's a fine morning, Mr. Dick!”

“Breakfast ready?”

“’Twill be in a jiffy. Lawd, I smell that bread a-burning!”

Kaye called after him as he entered the house. “Could you get us a dog, Jim?” and Jim called back, “Yaas, sir, I knows one.”

“‘If I were sullen.—If I were sullen’—Epictetus. ‘Playing at the ball,’ Socrates who played at the ball in the hall of judgment and his death chamber. I am not Socrates. No, but I may play at the ball!”

Breakfast over and Jim cleaning up, he set himself to climb Apple Tree Hill. Bare and slippery short grass, scattered stones, blue spikes of bugloss, butter-

flies great and small, a humming of bees, the sky over all, just the sky. He came to the top and the one old twisted apple tree and threw himself down. Beauty, he thought. Beauty!

Now he could view the sea, though at a distance. Blue, blue and still, and not a sail, not a smoke wreath, upon it. He saw a gleam of intensely lighted cliff. Between that and this, as his eye drew in, green and broken terrene, the Eldorado inland. As for this hill-top, it lay level, much, he thought, like an old quarter-deck. He got up and paced it. A hundred feet either way beyond the tree. Good for pacing up and down, up and down, so small a figure from the roads and fields as to seem to any looking toward Apple Tree Hill but a fleck of darkness. The tree that seemed to toss its arms was bent toward the south. Just beyond touch of its longest branch stone outcropped from the earth, rearing itself a few inches above the short turf, with a length of six feet or so and a width of two. It was like a bed, a narrow bed. He lay down upon it. A tuft of bugloss growing beside him, he put out a hand and would have drawn toward him a blue spike, but the spiny thorns with which it was beset pricked him. He let it swing away.

Distinct as this hilltop air, a mood befell him that extinguished Wordsworth and removed Epictetus afar, to where he too sat in the sun, but sat there a forlorn

slave, with Rome and Existence for masters. It came suddenly, — bitter melancholy. He felt deadness and despair, and he felt them not in connection with his adventures in this life only. His feeling was that he had lived very long, very long indeed, and that life, long life, had these abysses, and that he might never draw himself forth from that deep into which he had fallen, not finding or renewing any other life than this. Actuality became weariness and despair. He sat staring blankly at earth and sea that were disenchanted, unglamored, without luster, without meaning. That was the worst, to be without significance!

The sun rose higher, the dew dried upon the grass around. Kaye rose abruptly, it seemed after gathered effort. "Out of the depths — out of the depths, O God!"

He plunged down the slope of Apple Tree Hill into the wood that crooked a dark arm about Rainbird's house. Here it was cool and pleasant, with old trees and a mossy floor. "Throw it off — throw it off — throw bitter and offensive sadness off! More than sadness — strange and abhorrent depths of myself who have known sadness and bitterness well enough!"

The wood, he felt, had healing in it, though here also walked Melancholy. She walked with him, but softened and changed from that hilltop. "It is not this life only and these circumstances — it is I — it is I!"

That perception rushed upon him with something like terror and with solemnity. "If it is I — then I — I — cope with Thyself!"

The wood seemed to heal and to lighten though it stayed so grave. He could walk there, he found, some distance before it dwindled into coppice and the coppice opened upon a meadow between hills where were grazing Inca horses. A rail fence of an almost forgotten type divided copse and wood from meadow. He leaned upon this and marked the fresh greenness, the gentle opposite slopes and the beautiful grazing creatures. "It is not this place — it is not that what I have called my life breaks in two. Worlds below, around and above this world, and sometimes one catches the wind of their approach or their passing —"

Turning, he retraced his steps. "I am glad that I have this wood to walk in and dream in."

It was indeed a venerable place, at once so old and with the freshness of its leaves so young. He came to a beech tree that in some way seemed to him especially admirable, and lying down upon the mellow earth beneath, closed his eyes. "Fairies, come about me! If I build no more — can build no more — great houses for man's purposes, let arise Architecture within!"

The morning wind sighed in the beech tree, in the trees around, in the wood. Boughs interlaced; boughs

on high, the wide trunks at their height, took the sheets of sunshine, the meads of the sky. Below the spires what wilderness of structure! Cathedrals out of the forest, forest in the cathedrals. "Goth in me, rejoice!" said Kaye, and breathed with the beech tree and the forest.

Time passed, then he rose and went back to Rainbird's demesne. As he swung himself over the low stone wall the moods alike of Apple Tree Hill and of the wood departed. He retook to an extent that of the earlier morning. The Stoic returned, but with a companion.

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage.
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage."

He laughed abruptly. "Hermit — hermit! So now to it, Dick Kaye! Build with genius if you can, the hermit's life!"

He found Jim cutting grass. "To-morrow we'll look at that garden patch and weed it together. Now I am going to unpack — and enjoy it too!"

As to that, he was as good as his word. The plain, square living room of Rainbird's pleased him. Above the mantel had been fixed a shelf, and another ran between the windows. He had with him fifty books and

here he ranged them. "O hermit! Good food for winter nights!" He stood away and once more studied the place. Against the wall stood an ancient desk that he guessed to have sailed and sailed again in a merchantman — a sea captain's desk, so plain, so every inch made available. When he looked that way, he seemed to see a ship about it and masts against the blue. It would and did prove hospitable to his store of writing and drawing materials. His stock of clothing he carried into the bedroom and disposed after an orderly fashion in press and drawer. It was not great store but enough, and henceforth, as he had sober need, he could buy from New Annan. Back in the living room he opened upon the deal table a portfolio of prints, engravings and photographs. Here were paintings and sculpture; ancient, famous buildings that he loved, castle, temple, mosque, and cathedral. He took out three and with thumb tacks fastened them against the walls. Lastly he unswathed with care a small Greek marble, a Hermes full of strength and grace, which he had long owned and loved, and which now he set upon the old sea desk; then, not liking it there, where lingered that sense of Poseidon, placed it upon the mantelshelf, taking away the books to give it room. All done at last, he cleared the floor, setting his trunk in the bedroom and carrying the three wooden boxes to the back of the house where they might be split into

firewood. "For I am no summer resident, to pack again when the autumn rains are here."

Dinner time came on. He ate, and when Jim entered with another dish, made him sit down and talked to him.

"Do you know why I am here?"

Jim cogitated. "Well, sir, they do say that you got yourself into some kind of trouble."

"I did. I have been in prison and behind that I might have been put to death — been what they call 'executed', you know. That I live and am to live, not in a state prison but on this island, is an act of clemency on the part of the constituted powers. That is, on the Dictator's part."

Jim laughed, which was what he did when he did not understand. "I asked Doctor Andros about that word 'political.' Captain Carlisle, he told me when he hired me that you were a political prisoner. Doctor Andros he explanified it, but there's a lot of things don't stick in me! I understood though," said Jim, "before I'd take the place that a man like me could work for a man like you and keep what I calls self-respect. Otherwise I just pointedly wouldn't have come. A mean man is what I can't abide in any line. But Doctor Andros made me easy about that word, and I said I'd take the job, even if it was underneath Apple Tree Hill. I didn't live with my mammy alongside of that grave-

yard to be scared now of old Rainbird! So I'm here, and I'm willing to notify you, sir, that I saw right away that I didn't have any call to be uneasy about self-respect."

"I am obliged to you," said Kaye gravely. "Then we'll rub on together, shall we?"

Jim nodded. "That dog — it's a collie puppy over at Amanda Thwaite's. I could get him this afternoon."

"Get him then. — How about a cow and some chickens? I mean to work with you. They've told you, doubtless, that an exile like me doesn't bring wealth along with him. I have enough to get along with and that is all. If this place can give us food, and give me work without which a man is dead, so much the better! Garden and cow and chickens and the dog —"

"Captain Carlisle might sell you a Pleasant Hill cow. They's the best. I can pick up chickens anywhere —"

"Then pick them up, Jim. I'll give you some money."

Jim cleared the table. "You're getting this room to look different, Mr. Dick."

"Whose was the desk?"

"Rainbird's, I reckon. This house has been empty a long time."

“Well, it’s not empty now! It has me in it and you.”

An hour later Jim departed for the dog and to negotiate for a cock and hens, and to experience a wider sociability than Rainbird’s could afford. He went away happily. “Frequent afternoons off,” thought Kaye, watching him, “if, with all his good nature, he can be kept here.”

Alone now in the house and place, he lay down upon his bed and fell asleep. He had fallen ill in prison six months ago, and though in two he had been pronounced well again, only lately had he begun really to put on strength. Now he slept, lying relaxed, and Rainbird’s stayed as quiet and as free from interruption as if it stood upon the moon.

Without his windows the shadows were growing long when he waked. Opening his eyes to the subdued light of the room he lay for a moment wondering and uncertain where he might be, then, gathering himself together, rose, straightened his bed and pushing open the narrow, rather low door, stood upon the threshold of the principal room. It too had become shadowy, the sun declining so. Kaye halted, feeling a slight crepitation. The room did not seem empty to him. He stepped farther into it, aware all the while of a presence other than his own, a wistful, cold presence, harsh too, but indifferent to him. As he advanced it van-

ished — perhaps it had never been anything more than the air of the room, suddenly taken. When he went to the window and looked out upon a poplar and a cedar, when he crossed to the mantle where stood the Hermes, it was quite gone. “It is in nature that atmospheres become charged,” thought Kaye. “If I had lived here, so long ago, so fully and bitterly and sweetly too, perhaps, then would not some part of me — atoms enough to make a phantom for any who could see or feel in this kind — return or linger? Maybe return when the released man happened again to look this way or maybe never depart.”

He sat down beside the table, put his hands behind his head and thought of much and pictured much. The room was now his room. Yet when he rose at last and moved to go out into the sunset, it was with a gesture humorous, deprecating and half consenting. “I would not rob you of it either, ancient dweller, if you like it still.”

Out in a great sunset all things took a red tinge. “There’s a kind of splendor.— Moods enough already in this island!” thought Kaye.

He went to the gate of Rainbird’s. Now he could see, at a distance of a hundred yards, the road along which he had driven yesterday with those island authorities and with the two in uniform who were now away, away, upon the sea. A rough track, much

shaded, led from gate to road, but a last ray of sunshine struck and vividly lighted the latter. Along it now came Jim, a puppy in one arm and depending from the other hand a cock and two hens.

CHAPTER VI

THE following day he and Jim weeded and hoed the garden and set out plants obtained again by Jim from Amanda Thwaite, half a mile away, the nearest neighbor. "Amanda" brought one picture to Kaye, "Thwaite" another. Around the latter rose scenery of Westmoreland and Cumberland in England. But it appeared that Amanda Thwaite was a colored woman, the cousin of Jim. "Long time ago, so long my grand-daddy's daddy couldn't remember it, the Thwaites that are all dead now bought us out of a ship."

"This island is an iridescence," thought Kaye.

The puppy tumbled in the warm, brown, uncovered earth. He was a charmer. Kaye, contemplating this or that name for him, had finally called him Bran. "I am not like Fingal and you are probably not like Bran, but let's call you Bran!"

He worked through the day at pleasant, homely work with a pleasant, homely end in view. When night came he was healthfully tired, went to bed early and slept soundly. When he waked upon the fourth morning of his existence in Eldorado Island, it was to a feeling of energy and adventurousness. "Come, let's go afield to-day and view this island!"

No desire arose in him again to climb Apple Tree Hill, though he meant to do it soon, to break the mood that seemed to cling about it and overhang Rainbird's below. "Derwent" came to him. "We've seen New Annan. Now let's go view Derwent."

Breakfast over and odd jobs done, he quitted his castle, in his pocket bread and cheese, for he might not return until afternoon. Jim's assurance to the contrary, he felt fairly certain that Jim too would spend much of the day away, perhaps at Amanda Thwaite's, perhaps elsewhere. The puppy was all right, and the cock and hens. The place had every air of being able to keep itself.

When he had passed the rough track and was out upon the June-lighted road, he observed again how little might be observed of Rainbird's by journeyers upon the highway. Nothing really of house and enclosure, hardly enough to allow of saying, "There seems to be a small building yonder, under the hill."

The road. He looked up and down it and found it vacant. It rippled, mounting and descending, and was all flecked with sun and shadow. Kaye drew a long breath and turned northward. But he did not go straight to Derwent. The road forked and a signpost said, "To Goodly Token Beach." It spoke for the benefit of strangers, island folk knowing, of course, how to get to Goodly Token Beach. Kaye hesitated a

moment, then struck into this that would take him to the sea. The way was narrow, sunken between banks draped with honeysuckle and topped by locusts and cedars. He pursued it for a couple of miles, and here and there banks and trees failed and he saw planted fields and hillsides, or stretches of green with Inca horses grazing. Now and again he made out a house with outbuildings, all buried in June trees. After leaving Rainbird's he overtook or met as many as ten or twelve individuals, several driving, several riding, the remainder walking. He said "Good morning!" and they answered "Good morning!", staring at him as they spoke, covertly or openly. It was plain that they recognized him for the prisoner of the island, and were taking in every atom of his appearance. But they did not engage in conversation. They evidenced no particular hostility but great lack of expansion. "That is the cue," thought the exile. "Curiosity without intercourse. At last sated curiosity. Then, 'You go your ways and we'll go ours.'" Like Rainbird. He noted it dispassionately, without self-commiseration. Upon the other side rose the figures of Captain Carlisle, "Squire" Thorne and Doctor Hector Andros. But he saw that with the first easy good nature might make warmth for all in company, but that thoughtfulness would rarely arrange the company; and that with the second thoughtfulness might be at hand but quite

unable to cope with languor of action and a habit of withdrawal from over many contacts. There remained the physician who had spoken to him on the wharf. "Scientific interest," thought Kaye. "Energetic and not unkindly. Conceivably he might, on his rounds from north to south or from south to north, stop by Rainbird's. Of course, he would come if there were need of a doctor."

But he did not mean to have need of a doctor. This island air was of the rarest quality; so thin, so fine, so mated with light and warmth, so holding the salt of the sea and the strength of the earth, so lucid a transmittor of impressions! A man might never be ill here until he came to die.

The wide ocean sprang upon his sight. Cedars and a swell of earth had hidden it. These passed, the road, such as it was, came abruptly to an end, turning into a stretch of short green turf with a few bushes but no trees, and this again descending in some kind of giant's stair by cliff and cliff to a beach of sand and pebble. Beyond, like the sky, like eternity, like infinity, the blue sea.

Kaye made his way cautiously and lightly down the cliffs. They were all jagged and fissured, only here and there strictly perpendicular. He had been a good climber in his boyhood, knowing well the mountain behind his village, and later in life having some holi-

day acquaintance with Western heights and with Alps and Pyrenees. He stood upon the shelving beach, moved to the ocean edge, and threw himself down. It was ebb tide. Out there he saw the reef, ragged and dark, on which had struck the *Goodly Token*. The beach curved like a crescent moon and lay as solitary as though it were the day before that storm and shipwreck, so many generations ago. He glanced behind him at the cliffs down which he had come. The light struck and whitened them, carved as they were by the artist Weather, worn into buttress and spire and niche. The strong light altered them into ethereality; the barrier line of them achieved the non-actual. Here and there they were so broken down that the green turf behind them descended as it were in cascades to the white line of the beach. Upon the sand, at some distance from him, lay, stranded and broken, the hull of a boat. It made the solitariness more solitary, as did the gulls that flashed along the water edge. Ocean — ocean — ocean!

Kaye lay upon the sand for half an hour. At the end of that time he made out a shape that came toward him over the sand, having detached itself from the shadow of the long-wrecked boat. As it came nearer it turned into the long, shambling figure of a man somewhat younger than himself, decently dressed, walking with swinging arms and without a hat. It bore

down upon Kaye and presently stood beside him. Kaye sat up. "Good day!"

"Hello! Good day."

"An innocent," thought Kaye, and smiled at the innocent who at once sat down beside him. The face presented now at close range was elvish enough, but not painful or even disagreeable to the eyes. It could be wistful, and it could be vacant and it could be cunning, and it could be filled with a kind of gargoylish laughter, but mostly it stayed that of a not ill-looking boy, stolen from his cradle by elves. Down he sat, "I'm Rob Thorne. Squire Thorne's my father."

"I've seen your father. I like him."

"He's a man of sorrows. I'm his son.—Are you looking for shells?"

"No. Are beautiful ones brought up?"

"Yes. By the waves and the storms. I've a lot in the *Davy Wing* yonder. Come and see them."

Kaye rose and went with him. Rob Thorne, the moment he began to walk, lapsed into silence. So they reached the *Davy Wing*, lost here a dozen years before. Now there was little enough left of her, but under a decked bit with a ragged aperture letting in sunlight Rob Thorne had created his museum of shells, starfish, seaweed, and other marvelous objects. All lay neatly arranged upon sea-soaked, sun-dried boards. The two being tall men, they stooped to enter, then seated them-

selves upon fine white sand. The descendant of that Robert Thorne who had thanked God upon this beach and then had led the shipwrecked people into law and order and occupancy, shot out a long arm and brought back in a long, thin hand the central treasure, a rarely beautiful, convoluted and gleaming shell.

"That's the only one like that. I call her 'goddess.' Out of the fairy-tale book, you know. How do you suppose she got here? Sometimes I kneel down and worship her. Then she rises from it in a silver mist, a purple mist. Maybe once a year it's golden, the mist, and there comes a face upon it. Goddess! Goddess!"

He laid the shell upon Kaye's palm. "You'll kneel too. You'll come here and kneel too. Or if you want to gather for yourself, there's room yonder." His long fingers flickered toward another portion of the decaying hull. "I'll show you where I get them best. There are hollows and rich places in this coast."

"Eldorado Island. Have you even been away from here?"

"No."

"How old are you?"

"I don't know. I'm father's eldest son."

Kaye turned about the shell in his hand. "It's beautiful. And I can almost see the mist that made it and then left it. Now what shell does it make?"

"It's pleasant to lie here," said Rob Thorne, "when the seas are pounding and all the rocks shout. Snug, snug and warm, with a plaid over you! I've got a plaid that my sister gave me."

Kaye still regarded the shell. "It doesn't belong in this latitude. Do you suppose some wrecked ship from the Indies had it aboard with other cargo? Maybe this very *Davy Wing* —"

But Rob Thorne could not suppose in this order. He ignored the question, sitting stroking brown ribbons of seaweed. Presently he took the shell and set it again in its place of honor. Around it stood a ring, a court, of lesser shells. "You may come here any time you like. I don't let everybody, but the goddess says that you may come. You may lie here in winter too, if you've a sister to give you a plaid."

Stooping, they left the museum. Out of the shadow the white glare upon sea, sand and cliffs made the eyes blink. "Do you want me to show you shady cracks where the sun can't get you? Beyond that jut yonder there are dunes. It's good lying among them. I like to sleep there."

"All right!" said Kaye. "Let us continue discovery. I am a stranger, and you must know every inch of the island."

"No, no, I don't. There are places I never go. I do not go to Rainbird's house."

“What’s the matter with it?”

“I don’t know. They say, ‘Don’t go to Rainbird’s house’.” He looked at Kaye with a wide, elvish smile. “They call me a simpleton, but I know when things stand before doors!”

“Well, try Rainbird’s some time and see if it still is so —”

They rounded a jut of the cliff and came to a fall of the land and the dunes, glittering sand running from them to the sea. “It’s still Goodly Token Beach?”

Rob nodded. “A ship came sailing here and brought all the people. They say it’s long ago, but I don’t know.— See how it’s scooped out here! The dune grass holds it, and I brought these boards and shored it up. Let’s lie down and shut our eyes.”

Doing so, there rested only the low, continuous sound of the sea and of the wind in the tall, spare, brown grass that grew from the dunes. They lay quiet, the simpleton and the exile.

The sky was now light blue, the world emptied of itself and still, a low voice coming and going, but dreamily. They lay there a considerable time. “Venn!” thought Kaye. “If I could strike away the walls and give you this! Adler too — and every other.”

Time passed. Rob Thorne moved, sat up. “The

grass says 'Dinner time'; and the wind says 'Go!'

"I've bread and cheese in my pocket. There's enough with care for two."

They ate together, friendly and silent, and then dozed for a while upon the sand. At last Rob rolled over, stretched his long arms and got to his knees. "I'm thirsty. There isn't any water here. It's a strange thing that the sea will never let us drink! Sometimes I catch the rain in a shell, but it isn't raining now. Let's go home."

"How far is your home?"

"It's back there." He pointed vaguely. "Thorne House. It's old. There's built into it a piece of timber out of the *Goodly Token*. Sometimes, of stormy nights, it makes a sound of shouting. I've heard it! It's *that* Robert Thorne's voice that shouts. 'All's well!' it shouts. 'All's well, all's well!'"

They left the dunes and Goodly Token Beach. Just here was easy mounting to the green earth at cliff top. When they had reached it they stood and looked once more to the blue sea at low tide, then turned to the wavy spread of green turf and the abruptly ending road by which Kaye had come. As they approached this, he saw what he had missed before, a path that led across the turf to a great inward striking abutment of rock, and in its shelter a tree or two and a small stone cottage. Fury of wind and wave could not reach

it, and yet at a few steps — the sea. It seemed the only dwelling hereabout.

Rob Thorne answered his glance. "That's Michael's. He makes baskets. We might go there and get water; I often do. There's a well in the rock. But, no!" He held his head sidewise, half shutting his eyes. "The sea says, 'Go home, go home to-day!'" They turned into the narrow, grassy road. "Michael's my friend, too. He knows my shells. He takes my goddess in his hand and talks to her, and she gleams and gleams! But he doesn't come often. He's so busy, you know. He's older than we."

The road became sunken with shady banks above them. When they had gone a certain distance, Rob Thorne jerked his thumb toward a small wicket at the top of the bank. Kaye had noticed it in the morning — it was small and half hidden by ivy, travelers' joy and trumpet vine. "Here I go home," he said. "You won't come?"

"No."

Rob grinned. "They all say 'No', unless it's somebody that's going anyhow, like Doctor Andros or Alexander De Soria. I know what they think. 'It's just Rob, and Thorne House is always very still, and has sickness in it, and I mayn't be welcome.' I don't care, though I'm my father's eldest son! They don't know the company I have in my house and who comes to my

house on Goodly Token Beach!" He grinned again, all cheerfully, waved his arm and went up the bank like a cat and through the wicket. It swung to again — nothing more could be seen.

It was now considerably past noon. Kaye decided not to attempt Derwent at this time. He hesitated as to other exploration, then the sea filled him and he wanted no more for that day. Going home, again, he met three or four wayfarers, and again he said, "Good day!" and they said, "Good day!" and that was all.

CHAPTER VII

THE next morning early he worked in the garden while Jim cut down the remainder of the high grass and weeds. Bran tumbled in the sunshine. Kaye considered a bench with a beehive for the gable end of Rainbird's. Jim nodded. "Yaas, sir, Amanda Thwaite has bees."

About ten he would go to Derwent and buy the clock.

At the signpost, Goodly Token Beach, he hesitated, being mightily drawn to the sea again, but Derwent must be learned and the clock bought. So he kept on the highway and presently came to the Church of The Salvation. It was old, in a shady, shady church-yard, with flat tombstones. He pushed the gate and went in. Honeysuckle, roses, cedars and pines and locust trees in white, sweet-too-sweet fountains. All the bees that were not at Amanda Thwaite's buzzed about him.

The church was so old and small and good. Kaye walked around it, then sat upon a gravestone and regarded it. He smiled to see it, so tiny, simple and good, so rightly built and venerable. Long ago he had read a book about this island, not knowing that it would come to be such and so to him. The book, of no espe-

cial importance and chance read, had seemed forgotten. But now it appeared that it had rested, almost intact, all these years, rested somewhere. He could gather it again, out of the vast. He remembered that as soon as they might the folk of the *Goodly Token* had built a church of logs, succeeded in a few years' time by a stone building. This was it — the Church of the Salvation. "A younger time — a faith consistent with itself. But no! — they who embarked in that ship were unorthodox, heretical; if I remember rightly, politically rebellious too. They built their church, but meant it somewhat differently. Now it is all settled, static, of old time. . . . Time and Necessity wrought the Compromise. Old, old Compromise between Past and Future, between What-has-been and What-might-better-be! Compromise, blending, marriage, that neither side thinks for the good but which for all that and in the long run, may be so. Because it is inevitable, necessary. In the wider vision of the Higher Up. The dear past — the dear future! How they war, the old lovers — war and then kiss!"

He watched the church. "That Robert Thorne longed toward the future. Now a traveler might explain this place, 'Eldorado Island — one of the left-behind places! A tiny backwater.' Yet is it so, being the man he was? . . . Richard Kaye, you and Caxton and Venn and others, hosts of others, you who failed —

is it total failure? By and large, age with age — a Great Wedding —”

The ivy swung from the church, the trees had their June garb; the milky, intensely flowering locusts, the roses, the honeysuckle shook fragrance. A bird that he thought must be a mocking bird sang delightfully. Rising, he walked about the churchyard, stooping to read names and inscriptions upon the gravestones. Thornes — Carlisles — Oxenfords — Foxes — Macdougalls — Bernier — Andros — De Sorias — Thwaites — Coffins — Penruddocks. The yard was full. None had been buried here for fifty years and more. He came to a great, old, mossed gravestone, and read thereon the name of Robert Thorne of the *Goodly Token*. Space, where space was precious, had been kept about this grave. Violets and myrtle grew around it, a cedar stood at its head. ROBERT THORNE. A coat of arms. A recital of the life. Then, I BELIEVE IN THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY AND THE LIFE EVERLASTING.

West of the church the yard, descending, ran into a removed and narrow corner where the grass grew long and tangled and three ancient locust trees shook down perfume and loosened flowers. He came here and saw four or five graves, sunken, with small headstones. He stood by one, stooped, and with difficulty read the name, shallowly cut and with lichen almost obliterating some

of the letters. Leonidas Rainbird. Born and Died. Leonidas Rainbird. He looked at the other grave-stones. Only upon two could he make out anything. Elias Simon. Born. Died. Matthew Nesbitt. Born. Died.

"I am in presence," said Kaye, "of my fellows on Eldorado Island."

He sat down beside Rainbird's grave. In the grass lay multitudes of fallen locust blooms. He heard a cricket shrilling. Suddenly all things became lonelier than the bare beach and the bare sea.

A lonely man was Rainbird. He, too, had his lost pride and his lost ambitions and his lost work, whatever it may have been, so long ago — so long ago! "*Now we are companions — now we are companions. He had strength of will — he has strength of will. If he can he will stamp me with his stamp — increase himself by me. If you can, if you can, Rainbird! But what if I can?*"

He stretched himself in the grass beside the grave. Lying so, he could see the sky beyond the thin boughs, the lace-like leaves and the white clusters of the locusts. How fine a grille did they make! Grace, lightness, poise and subtle strength. Blue sky, blue sky with never a stain. Huge nave that holds us all,— saints, sinners, dictators, exiles. He lost himself in the maze of the locust tree and in the azure beyond that fret-

work, and in the singing of the bird that might be a mocker.

A sense of some one at hand made him turn his head, then sit up. A slight, dark young man had come to this far corner and now stood with a startled face looking at the living figure beside Rainbird's grave. Alexander De Soria, Kaye saw in a moment, clad much as he had been that day at Pleasant Hill, with a Panama hat upon his dark locks cut Byron length, a plaid over his arm, a book in one hand and between the fingers of the other a cigarette.

"Good morning!"

"You've found Rainbird's grave, Mr. Kaye?"

"Yes."

"I've an affection for this corner. Often I lie here of a summer day with a book. But I should not have thought that it would draw you."

"Why, it is beautiful for all of neglect," said Kaye.

"I came by accident, but being here stayed."

Alexander De Soria opened his plaid, spread it over grass and fallen petals and half reclined upon it. "It is large enough for us both. Will you have a part?"

"Thanks, no. Earth and grass are warm and dry."

"If you have it in mind to become a wanderer, I would advise your carrying a plaid like this. You can get them at Bell's in New Annan."

"Thank you. I will remember to do it. I am going to-day to Derwent to buy a clock."

"You can better get that also in New Annan. It is our New York, our Washington, London, Madrid and Paris. Derwent is a small place."

Kaye took up the book lying between them. It proved to be an old and good anthology of verse and he turned the leaves, finding his loves. "I subsist upon poetry," said Alexander De Soria. "If it were not for it, I should die in Eldorado Island. It and Julia Carlisle."

"You love one and the other?"

"I know that I love the one and am not yet quite certain that I love the other. But she's an interesting metrical version of Woman. So I stay."

"Have you always stayed?"

"No. I have been to Paris, Spain and Italy, and of course to our own continent. You yourself have traveled?"

"Yes, a bit."

"I suppose that revolutionists — that is, revolutionary chiefs — usually have seen and done a good deal."

Kaye laughed. "'Revolutionary chief' is too resounding a term for me! I doubt even having been 'revolutionist' in your sense of the word."

The young man opposite in his turn ran over the

leaves of the book. "Do you mind if I read aloud? I often do, here in this corner. It is quite sequestered; nobody ever comes. Here is a favorite of mine."

"No, no, go not to Lethe, neither twist
Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine;"

The white locust flowers fell and fell. The wind whispered in the grass, the sun shone, the mocking bird sang.

"For shade to shade will come too drowsily,
And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul."

Alexander De Soria had a good reading voice. This island, this island, this island — and what did it matter if it were island or continent or world? Broken life — life unperfected — was not an outer but an inner thing. Broken, non-viable, imperfect, unfulfilled.

"Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose,
Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,
Or on the wealth of globed peonies;
Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,
Emprison her soft hand and let her rave,
And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes."

The swimmer swimming forever, and no haven nor shore that was his own — impregnably, timelessly, fulfilledly, his own. The seeker for treasure — and here

were diamonds and rubies and pieces of gold — but they were not treasure. The builder — but the buildings never stood, neither the material nor the immaterial.

“Ay, in the very temple of Delight
Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine,
Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue
Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine . . .”

The mocking bird flew from the bough. Upon the road a wagon went by. A cloud ship sailed over the church spire. Alexander De Soria read a second poem and a third, but then shut his book. “I do not like to overdo reading, nor anything. I have a temperament that might overdo, but I keep it checked!”

“I have been upon Eldorado Island less than a week,” said Kaye. “But already I feel that I have been here from of old. Yet perpetually I make discoveries.”

“In small,” said Alexander De Soria.

Kaye found himself answering, “I do not know.”

“Ah, I make them too!” said the other. “But they are small. There are odd things, a-plenty, on Eldorado, but they are small, they are small. When I am abroad I do not feel so. Now and then I don't feel so at Pleasant Hill, when I am in the garden with Julia Carlisle. But it's only now and then that even Julia

Carlisle makes small seem great. So I find lonely places like this and read my poetry. The novel is what I seek, but I so seldom find it. Now you at Rainbird's — that strikes me as novel."

"I am afraid the novelty may not last. I shall be there some time."

"No, it may not," agreed Alexander De Soria. "The gloss soon departs with me. Then everything drops into the same round — the Eldorado Island round — and I yearn for another world. I do not go away upon the *Hero* or the *Leander* simply and solely because my means will not allow it. Otherwise, new island and lands and adventure! If you have no objection, I should like to come to see you at Rainbird's."

"I shall be glad if you will."

"How is the old, haunted place treating you?"

"I am going to *un-haunt* it. Or turn it into a pleasant haunting."

"I wish I could be ambitious," said Alexander De Soria. "Instead, I give but a disdainful, half-attention to life.— Are you going?"

"I must go on to Derwent. I was bound for it yesterday and did not go, and now I must go to-day."

"Derwent way is the Thorne end of this island. The Carlises and De Sorias have the New Annan end. Rainbird's and the Church of the Salvation are midway."

The three locust trees, Alexander De Soria beneath them, and the sunken and barely marked graves of clouded men dying where they had not been born, fell away as he went up the grassy slope toward the church. He looked again at this that was well worth it, and again for a moment he stood beside Robert Thorne's gravestone. The coat of arms. That was that in the old world. I BELIEVE IN THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY AND THE LIFE EVERLASTING.

It was some distance to Derwent. An up-and-down and shady road — high hills to the right. A charming day, and the people more friendly somehow than those that he had earlier encountered. He met a gang of children and asked them questions. They had strawberries and gave him a handful. He went on, and his brooding mind took up now one part of his life and now another. Then it said suddenly, "Let the dead bury their dead. Take tone again! There is nowhere where is not learning — nowhere where is not wisdom — nowhere where is not use!"

He heard it quite plainly. It halted him and made him straighten his shoulders.

The sea around this island tempered midday and June weather. The air was so rare, so strong. At last he came to Derwent that lay along the side of a hill and saw the sea. One street had Derwent with diverging lanes that went up and down, with old,

rather low, stone houses, some gray, some whitewashed, and all bathed to-day in gold and amber light. It seemed old, older than New Annan. It had a harbor — Derwent Harbor — but not the wharves and buildings of New Annan Harbor. It had fishing boats. He saw them out from land, tiny, reddened sails. Upon a rock before the harbor stood a squat white lighthouse — Eldorado Old Light.

He went along the one street. Salt air poured through the place. For all it was the middle of the day and high summer and there were few trees, the heat did not oppress. It stood high and took the great sea and the great sky and air seemed always moving around it and through it. The street at midday might be called deserted. He came to a general shop, entered, and bought a clock set in an old-fashioned wooden frame adorned by a painting of children in a garland of roses. It made a considerable parcel, but he took it with him.

“Is there nothing else, sir?”

“Nothing, thank you.”

The shopkeeper, a little old, crooked man, rather deaf, hesitated, then said, “You are the gentleman who will live in Rainbird’s house?”

“Yes, I am.”

The old man gazed at him meditatively. “My grandfather had tales about him, and the others too —

Elias Simon and Nesbitt and Martin. Their destiny, he said, was the same, but they themselves were all different.— If each of them was different,” said the shopkeeper, “how could their destiny be the same?”

“That is a Sphinx riddle,” said Kaye. “Have you one about?”

“Eh? I did not catch that —”

“I like your town. I like its air.”

“Yes. They are almost all ‘old people’ hereabouts. There are ‘old people’ through and through the island, but hereabouts are more of them.— I hope you’ll get company out of your clock. A good clock’s a real crony.”

With it under his arm he pursued the street, and presently came to the Winged Horse. “If I were not so neatly wedged into Rainbird’s, I should have liked to live here.” It stood so small and clean and fit, with a small yard of grass and pebble and bright old-fashioned flower beds marked out with shells, with the great sea before and below it and five fishing boats, white moths and dusky moths, coming in to shore. Over the porch a red rose climbed and bloomed. The life about the place looked at him curiously, but that would change did a man live here.

The street ended. He might go down, by a ladder lane, to the sea. But no, it was time to return with his clock and his thoughts and his sense of beauty. He

would come again another day and another and another.

He re-passed the shop with the little old man standing in the doorway. Now he was almost out of Derwent's one street and back upon the road that would take him to his own place. He came to the sunny mouth of a sunny lane. He had noticed it earlier, how well some low white cottages stood within it and how it ran at last into a narrow, apparently little used road that ran over the hill and dipped behind it out of sight. He had thought "I will take that way some day." Now he halted and stood looking up the lane. It lay in high light.

No great way from him a woman sat in a cottage door, shelling peas. Almost opposite her, across the lane, a woman, busy at some household task, passed to and fro before a window. The two were talking across to each other. "' So,' says I to him, ' Company is company, but I chooses it!' ' And,' says he, ' God made us all and shakes us together periodical.' "

" Don't that sound like him? Well, *I* say things are happening that haven't happened since we all landed from the *Goodly Token* — "

Kaye, standing with his clock under his arm, caught with intensity these cottages, the talking women, the lane that was partly grass-grown, the narrow road into which it gave, the sun over all, the peculiarly fra-

grant and stimulating air of this place. He had a sense of deep, deep familiarity.

A woman came into Derwent, riding an Inca mare. He watched her coming toward him, out of the narrow road into the lane. The mare was pure white and as beautiful as the treasure of a Moorish prince. He marked her first, she was so beautiful, graceful and gracious a creature, but as she came nearer he marked her rider. This was a young woman, though not very young. She sat easily and well, sideways upon the mare, and she wore an old-fashioned, country riding skirt, a jacket over some thin, blue stuff, and a wide straw hat with a wreath of cornflowers, the whole making an attire neither fashionable nor new. The mare kept an easy walk; from the saddle hung a netted bag for purchases. The woman at the window spoke across to the woman in the doorway. "It's Naomi Thorne."

Naomi Thorne spoke to them both in passing. Another minute and she was at the lane mouth, turning into Derwent's one street, and now Kaye saw her clearly. As he looked at her, once more there flowed upon him that sense of timelessness and vast, united life.

She was a slender woman, hardly tall, dark of hair and eyes, with a fine, clear skin and cheeks of a dusky rose. Her brow was wide and good, with great space

between the eyes; her mouth wide and showing power and certainty and an infinitely subtle play of expression; the whole face tapered to a small, firm chin. The head was well set on a fine throat. One might find beauty or not find beauty — it would depend upon the onlooker. It was not such beauty as was Julia Carlisle's. She might be thirty years old, perhaps more. Kaye thought suddenly that it must be more. It seemed to him that he knew her age.

Riding so, she came even with, then passed him. She noticed him standing there, a stranger with a package under his arm, and said, "Good day!" He lifted his hat. "Good day!" Their eyes seemed to come together, hung so a moment, then parted. Their voices seemed to startle echoes, then each thought, "It cannot be. Here is a stranger." She rode by him and on up Derwent Street, and presently a jut of houses hid her from his sight.

He stood staring after her. The woman in the doorway spoke across to the woman at the window. "She's got her sorrows, with Rob, and her mother ailing more and more, and the old Squire that must be melancholy to live with, though a good man! She's got them all on her shoulders, and the old, going-down place beside."

"Aye, you don't get Scripture names like that for nothing!"

“ You never said anything truer than that! — Well, I’ve finished shelling my peas.”

His clock under his arm, Kaye retraced the road to the Church of the Salvation, and thence to Rainbird’s. Something went with him, and he did not know what it was, for surely it could not be memory! “ But life,” he thought. “ How long has been life anyhow? ”

CHAPTER VIII

“**N**OW this is what I like to see!” said Captain Carlisle. A man making the best of it! The place looks different already. I’ve always thought that it could be made as tidy and pretty a small holding as there is around. The house was built to last, and the trees are of the oldest.”

“It has possibilities,” agreed Kaye. “Jim and I have just begun.”

“You like Jim?”

“I do. He won’t stay on the place unless I am here too. It doesn’t matter. Why shouldn’t he have holidays? No one trespasses.”

“No, they wouldn’t. I’m glad you have a dog. God knows the company dogs are! What’s his name?”

“Bran. Those are our fowls also, clucking and crowing. But Jim and I want a cow.”

“That’s easy. I’ve got a young Jersey. I’ll be glad to send her over to-morrow. It’s a pleasure always,” said Carlisle, “to help those that help themselves. I’ve always said that the Lord helps those that help themselves.—She’s a fine cow.”

“What is her price?”

The Captain stated it, and made it very moderate. “She’ll more than make it up to you. With milk, eggs,

chickens and garden stuff, and with this house, living won't cost you much."

"I'll buy her then," said Kaye, "and I am much obliged to you."

Captain Carlisle again busied himself in looking about him. Native geniality and the exigencies of this case somewhat worked havoc with his comfort. He had just said that the Lord—through agents—helped those who helped themselves, and then had remembered that in the main this man could not be said to have helped himself, and that the Lord—again through agents—was at this moment manifesting strong displeasure. Mustn't go counter to the Lord, mustn't be really neighborly! All that he could accomplish, the big, good-natured man, was a choppiness of behavior. He now turned upon Kaye a perturbed brow.

"You are a sensible man if you are a revolutionary! How did you ever get yourself into such a mess? But there, I don't want to know! Confidences don't do any good when it is too late!"

"Not a bit. I don't call it a mess, you know.—Now how shall I pay you for the Jersey?"

When that was settled, the Captain still looked around. "You've mended that wall. I thought of having it done, and then Oxenford said, 'No, give the poor devil something to do!'—I'm sure I beg your

pardon! I've got a tiresome trick of remembering aloud."

Kaye laughed. "Pray keep on remembering! That wall came in very handy."

His visitor laughed with him, recovering from his embarrassment and becoming yet more open. At last, "Have you been upon Apple Tree Hill?"

"Yes."

"It's a lonely, God-forsaken place!" said the Captain explosively. "The house is much better."

"Yes. Did Rainbird hang himself upon that hilltop, from that tree?"

"No. He died in his bed, the old plotter and conspirator! But he planted that tree, and the story goes that he walked that hilltop up and down, up and down, by day and sometimes by night, year after year, as though it had been his quarterdeck. He had once been a seaman, you know — and then he took to ideas. It's all a great while ago," said the Captain, "but he certainly managed to plant that hill with sorrow! Everybody keeps away from it as though it were a reef and they were in boats.— There's shipwrecks and shipwrecks. He was a wrecked ship — Rainbird."

"I see."

"My women folk," continued the Captain, "kind of cried out against putting into Rainbird's house any one who couldn't help himself but must stay where he

was told to stay. But it turned out to be almost the only place we could lay hands upon, and after all it didn't seem —"

"Go on remembering," said Kaye, smiling broadly. "After all, it didn't seem a case for any especial consideration?"

The Captain smiled too. "Well, that's about the way of it, Mr. Kaye! But I'm glad to find that nothing here disturbs you, and that the place is to your liking. I'll just tell Mrs. Carlisle and Julia that all their words weren't needed."

"I am obliged to them," said Kaye.

"It was really Thorne that started the notion. *He* said that if he were in your place, he would choose Rainbird's out of all the island. Said that it had quality; said that it had story.— It's my opinion," continued the Captain reflectively, "that that daughter of his — Naomi — had the idea first. Julia Carlisle believes so too." He continued to think aloud, "Why it should be so, I do not know, but Julia Carlisle can't abide Naomi or Naomi's ways. You'd think they'd be friends now, but Julia Carlisle won't have it. She says they never were friends — they were always foes. Which, of course, is absurd." The Captain came up as out of deep water. He laughed. "I can't make out people — can you? — who insist upon such long histories. But there! Marian's always had an opinion

that my head was a bit thick. And as for Julia Carlisle, she's romantic."

A little more of desultory talk and looking about and he departed, the large, good-natured justice driving himself in an old, old-time buggy. Kaye went back to his hoeing.

The next day was Sunday. He hesitated, then with a jerk of his will went to church. So did Jim, but in another direction, one leading by Amanda Thwaite's. Kaye came early to the Church of the Salvation, taking his seat in a pew at the back. So small was the place, quiet and bare, ancient, having dignity. The windows were narrow and few, admitting thin shafts of sunlight. After a few moments he found himself drifting back to the ancient times of this building. The congregation gathered slowly, so slowly that he had abundant time to move with the older throng. It was no great throng either, the older throng, and clad in seventeenth-century dress. To-day, the gathering would be small, not only because the Church of the Salvation could hold nothing great in that way, but because there were others now upon the island—quite a big church at New Annan, two of them in fact, and a lesser one toward Plymouth. But on those old Sabbaths what company there was would mean all Eldorado Island. He began to see them in the mind's eye. There were those who had cried out or been silent when the *Goodly Token*

struck the reef, and those born since that day, or come in on other ships. That Spanish don and his son — no, they did not arrive for years after the others. They would be Catholic — they would not come to church here. Not the elder, Don Diego he was; but the son, Sebastian, would have done so, later on, when he came to manhood, when he was married. Mary Thorne. Yes, he married Mary Thorne. But Robert Thorne, the leader, had walked Sunday after Sunday into this Church of the Salvation — at the last a tremendous, venerable and venerated old man. He began to see more and more clearly. These pews were not the old ones, of course. In the old time backless benches for the most, backed benches for Thornes, Carlises, Oxen-fords, Foxes and Macdougalls. Andros and Bernier too,— and what was the schoolmaster's name? Robert Thorne must have sat over there. He all but made him out in the shadowy place, the tremendous old man, venerable, having authority, having power and wisdom, awaiting with tranquillity his change, a worker and leader to the end. "End." What was that word, anyhow, and to what fact did it correspond?

He all but made him out, there in the shadow and the patch of gold. I BELIEVE IN THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY AND THE LIFE EVERLASTING. That was on his gravestone. What was underneath the stone? Not the man himself. Kaye thought of Caxton and

felt a kind of triumph. "We'll meet, John! We'll find each other again!"

Overhead the bell was ringing. He had heard it a while before, and now it rang again. First bell and second bell. It had been so in his village, in Great-uncle William's church. He heard it again, that bell, and smelled syringa.

The congregation began to enter, disturbing the people of the seventeenth century.—Robert Thorne of the *Goodly Token* went away last, hardly even then went away. Kaye had the sense of looking for another with him. Who was it — a woman? Would it be his daughter or his granddaughter, and what would be her name? Scripture names — they used Scripture names so in those days. They were gone, the Thornes of those days. The Church of the Salvation filled slowly with to-day. Kaye from his vantage point at the back watched that flowing in. They entered, that were so subtly the past and the future. "As I am myself —" Something flashed through him — something like that night after battle, when had come to him, though so transiently, that lift into a strange and wide perception. It was gone in an instant but he had been near to a return of that perception or to the arising of another in its order.

Singly or in groups the islanders of Eldorado entered the Church of the Salvation. Here were folk whom

he had seen upon the roads or in the fields around, farmers and breeders of Inca horses, the blacksmith and his family, the miller and his, fishermen and non-descripts. He looked for the Pleasant Hill family, and then bethought himself that they and Alexander De Soria were now of the New Annan end of the island. Neither was Doctor Andros here. Perhaps he did not go to church. Alexander De Soria would go for poetry's sake, and maybe to regard Julia Carlisle.

The present Robert Thorne — Squire Thorne — entered the church. Kaye felt an impulse of liking for the quiet, melancholy man, so evidently not that ancestral Robert Thorne. What invisible sympathies or identities held he did not know, but kinship is kinship. Something of likeness would be there. He looked for Rob Thorne, but only at wide intervals would Rob come to church. To-day he gathered shells upon Goodly Token Beach, or lay at length in the *Davy Wing*.

The squire had reached the pew that was immemorially the Thorne's before Naomi came into church, some one having kept her in the churchyard with some question or information. She, more than the squire himself, was the responsible one at Thorne House. But now she came in her white, Sabbath dress, sheer and simple. She passed Kaye and knew that he was there. He felt that she knew it. The woman with the

Scripture name. She was gone up the aisle, into the Thorne pew from antiquity.

His heart had changed its beat, and now he put his hand over his eyes. "When — when — when and where? Was it here? For you and I know each other. Know and trust each other — know and love each other with a deep love."

The bell had ceased to ring. Now the clergyman — Peter Bernier.

Church was over. Kaye slipped out during the last hymn. He could go, since he was by the door. He left them all singing, standing there. Light that might circle the globe seven times in a second; air that was now here, now there, that went and returned; color and smell and sound, the trees and the graves that were no graves. By the path grew a rose bush covered with many and many close-petalled pink roses, deeply fragrant. He saw that it was old, and behind it stood its mother tree, and again its mother tree. Loveliness! How old was the rose? He could not remember. The singing behind him ceased. The congregation was issuing from the church. He hurried and passed through the gate into the road and away, suddenly sensitive and reluctant to meet, to be involved in, their curious looks and whispers, coming back so.

CHAPTER IX

IT was some days after this and he had walked to Plymouth that was the smallest collection of fishermen's huts, and had watched the fishing boats come in under a great sunset, and he had climbed that one low mountain that rose above the many hills of Eldorado, and as from the boss of a shield had viewed the whole island. It was shaped somewhat like a long shield, like a Crusader's shield. A storm caught him up there and he felt exhilaration. And Rainbird's place was more and more coming into order, and his own life into habituation here. The cow appeared and was named Pansy, and Jim procured from Amanda Thwaite a hive of bees that stood now against the end of the house, near the stone chimney. Bran was growing and the grass was all mown and sun-dried and made into cocks that later would form a small haystack for Pansy's winter fare; and the locust blooms were gone but the tiger lilies that he found in corners of Rainbird's were opening to the summer. Kaye looked up from whatever was his task at the moment and saw Doctor Hector Andros.

“Good day, Mr. Kaye.—I was riding by.—You've changed this place until old Rainbird wouldn't know it!”

The tall, red, lean man surveyed it much as Captain Carlisle had done. "It used to be the wildest, forlornest tangle — though nobody knows if Rainbird kept it so, either! — Do you ever feel him around?"

"Sometimes."

"Really?"

"Oh, what is 'really'?" asked Kaye. "Yes, I feel him around.— Come in, won't you?"

They went indoors. The main room, so sparsely furnished, yet seemed pleasant now — a clean place with windows opened to the sun. Andros looked around, then walked over to the Hermes upon the mantel shelf. "That's good. Where did you get it?"

"Near Delphi. I spent a spring and summer in Greece, studying temples."

"It's good. Winged cap, winged sandals, light, poised body, and in the face beauty and power and humor! — That," said Andros, "is what in all times and places 'Change-Things-Or-Die' folk seem to me to lack. Humor."

"Yes? It's what they think 'Let-Well-Enough-Alone' folk in all places and times lack. Humor."

"Did you like being in prison?"

"No."

"I have read that there are those who do. Contentment everywhere! Poor folk, Hermes, in and out. Poor folk — we are poor folk — we are poor folk!"

"Yes and no."

The visitor looked at the prints upon the walls. "Great, famous buildings and their settings. You were an architect? I suppose they are to you like diamonds, rubies, sapphires, topazes, amethysts and emeralds?"

"Just."

"You are without jewels here, and your mind lies idle. Idle, that is, of work that counts. And it will be a going on and on in that idleness."

"Perhaps."

"Making Rainbird trim and pretty and keeping him so may give you body work. Making the place keep you, eking out what funds you have — that too is something. But were you ambitious?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

Andros moved to the books. "Well, here's something too! It's much to be a reading man when the pinch comes.— I think I'll come and borrow — and I've got a bit of an odd collection myself, when you are out of commons. The library at New Annan is soon exhausted."

"You are very kind," said Kaye and meant it.

"Isn't any one going to send you things from the continent?"

"My near kindred are dead. My friends are in trouble. My money is spent."

The physician continued to look at titles, then, "Books, neither, are all; no, nor half! I hear that

you've been exploring the island. Folk say they've met you under Spanish Cliff and at Plymouth and on One Mountain and elsewhere. That's something too — to like to wander. Rainbird did that. This island undoubtedly has beauty, and interest too, if you come to that. But, barring the most definite possible turn that way, wandering and seeing and curiosity won't last forever."

"I'm hoping," said Kaye, "that I have the definite turn."

"But you are not certain.—Of what are you certain?"

"Of nothing, I think. Or perhaps only of what I cannot put in words."

"Of yourself?"

"I do not know."

"Then you probably aren't. If you had said you were, I should have taken leave to doubt you.—What are you going to do, or try to do?"

"I am going to try to become more certain."

"Well, good luck to you!" said Andros, and presently reverted to talk of Rainbird, and then got on a tall and strong Inca horse and rode away.

Another week passed.

The *Leander* was in — alongside of the wharf — the gangway out — her handful of passengers across and the center of a moderate animation. The wharf

had its gathering certainly, but a deliberate, unexcited one. The coming of the *Leander* or of the *Hero* had the seeming always of the stroke of a great clock, set to strike thus, at these intervals, and sonorous enough along the sea and throughout the island. Everybody marked the approaching moment — setting indeed their concerns by it — and when the voice of the boat, deep, slow and musical, was heard, everybody more or less, wherever they might be, broke off what they were doing and turned in that direction an attentive face. Those whose matters took them there, or who might indulge a generalized interest, would be found in New Annan or upon the wharf. But the clock struck forever these fortnightly hours, and seldom was there anything that touched all — anything unexpected, that is. And then the blood of the people of this island made against excitability. Moreover work is work, whatever clock strikes. But yet there was always to greet the *Hero* or the *Leander* a tolerable gathering. So it was to-day.

Kaye did not go upon the wharf, but stood by a bit of harbor wall, watching the crowd, the boat and the unlading that was beginning. The Manoa Line — the *Hero* and *Leander* — these little ships with their visits, absurdly rare as they would seem to the great shore they had left, but proper and often enough in the eyes of an hand-breadth island set in a deep, afar and lonely

sea.— Ships upon which he had been numbered sailed past before his eyes.— Now the captain of the *Leander* had stepped upon the wharf and was greeting and being greeted. Doubtless he would go dine at the Garland, with cronies. Tavern life too; tavern life in ports, tavern life through all time. A ship and a tavern.

Now the wharf was beginning to show brown and bare again, save for some strong fellows unlading casks and bales. The mail was off, in several sizable sacks, and gone to the post-office that was a white building with a hop vine and a grape vine. Eldoradians followed it. They would not have a great deal of mail, but of course, here and there, now and then, they did receive something — every man and woman of them. Should he go to the post-office? For what? He stared again at the empty sea beyond the harbor. Within the small haven, beside the *Leander*, swung at anchor or moved about small boats enough. But beyond Spanish Reef and Eldorado Light lifted like the wall of World's End the blankness of the blue sea, the blankness of the blue sky. There rose before him, in the space for such things, the Gardener Building and the Bridge Tower, and then after a moment, overtopping them, that Folk Hall that he had meant to build, but that had never stood up from the paper. They merged into a vague, tremendous blue; they were gone, and here were only bare sea and bare sky, filled with empty light.

He went to the post-office. No mail. No, he had not looked for any.

There was something of a crowd in the room. He had seen that and deliberately faced it. As he came in, as he stood before the little window, he felt curious eyes turned upon him, eyes more or less hostile in their curiosity. Edge and shadow entered voices; into each came an effect of, "Keep distance, Master Exile! Who goes against the powers that be, goes against me!" The words all but formed themselves, variously colored bubbles, in the air just above their heads. Whiddon the constable was in the post-office, and the landlord's son from the Garland, with others from shops and houses, and women too, and folk from beyond New Annan. And some were indifferent about his residence among them and some were not; but now, at contact in a common gathering place, an official place too, there formed above them all these bubbles. Well! He could form his bubbles too. "All of you who legend this island with the way you came here, were you not yourselves set full sail on that day for man's freedom? — But of course there are numbers of you who came in other ways — certainly you were not upon the *Goodly Token!*" Rainbird. He suddenly felt an acrid and bitter vitality.

Newspapers were being given out. There rose a craving for one, but none were addressed to him, and

he did not wish to borrow. He stood until none could say, "He left a public place as soon as any looked at him," then stepped out under the hop vine into the sun-washed street. Rainbird was still with him; it was so he felt — old Rainbird — so fierce and so vital and so disdainful.

So light it was and empty out here in the street! He walked along, and still, the day of the incoming boat being a stirring day in town, he seemed to be weaving in and out among forms at once empty and hostile, wraiths with animus. With an effort, as though he had put his hands upon his own shoulders, he came to himself, shaking off Rainbird with a laugh. He laughed with a sob in his throat. As he did so, he passed an old woman who looked at him with wistful, patient, friendly eyes. He felt a friend, though he knew not who she was. "Sibyl, Sibyl!" he said under his breath. "Tell me when one is well enough off, and when one is not!" But the friendly, patient eyes went by.

High Street and the road through the island began to merge. The houses became few and scattered, trees and wayside bushes began to cluster and align themselves. Kaye became aware of a miniature mob of boys, ten or twelve youngsters. They seemed to have followed him, but in his absorption in that inner land and those inner queries he had not noticed them.

Now the connection was made by a flung stone. He turned sharply and met another. "What are you about, you youngsters? Quit it?"

The place was now definitely the road and empty of travelers, saving himself. The pack came nearer and flung more stones. A voice shrilled out. "You've broken jail!" and another, "You tried to kill the Dictator!" At that, a stone came whirling, thrown by the strongest arm, and chancing to have a sharp edge and striking his forehead, produced an ugly gash out of which the blood began to stream. Such was the force of the blow that he staggered, the blood too blinding him. The attackers — they were little more than children — were frightened at that and began to draw off, and their going was accelerated by the vision of a carriage advancing out of the street into the road. In a moment it was upon them, an ancient phaëton with beautiful horses, a colored driver, and leaning from it Julia Carlisle.

CHAPTER X

THE phaëton halted. "You boys, what are you doing?"

"Nothing, ma'am!"

"Yes, you are!" She saw Kaye. "Oh —!"

The boy who had thrown the effective stone defended himself. "He's enemies! They say he's just the old man whose house he's got — he's just him come out of the graveyard! Anyhow, I didn't know the old stone had an edge —"

Julia Carlisle stepped from the phaëton. "Oh, aren't you ashamed of yourselves! Throwing stones! You're just young imps! Now, you begone, or I'll set the constable after you!"

The army withdrew. "Are you much hurt?" asked Julia Carlisle with deep solicitude. Kaye laughed. "It's nothing. Thank you for the dispersal!" But the blood still flowed, and the handkerchief with which he kept his eyes clear of it had nothing of white left. "Take mine! — Yes, yes, you must! And you must come with me to Pleasant Hill and get it bandaged. My mother is a splendid surgeon. Or we might send for Doctor Andros. — Get in. — Oh, you must do it!"

He obeyed her. They were in motion. The dizziness from the blow passed, the blood began to staunch.

He looked at her and smiled. "Rainbird must have written his name deeply upon this island."

"Oh, he's a legend.—Others too.—Robert Thorne's the epic. Robert Thorne and his following. You know there came to be two parties. The Thornes and the Carlises."

She sat beside him, herself like a legend. Again she had on pale purple, it being a trick of hers to employ this color. Great roses and lilies and gold of Ophir and far ships and love poems and lances shaken and banners flung out and armies in motion and similar words and phrases lived always in her presence like midges in sunlight. Ancient, ancient, ancient, was the play around her!

She was not talkative, nor was Kaye. The Inca horses bore them on; the negro driver seemed in a doze as he drove and yet was a good driver, the wheels made a pleasant sound on the soft road, the trees and the sky were all pleasantly mixed together, they went up hill and down hill, they saw the sea and white and violet cliffs, they saw the greenwood, and the wonderful steeds grazing in deep meadows. Then here was Pleasant Hill.

"It is no great way to Rainbird's house," said Kaye. "I can walk on now, and thank you a thousand times! The cut is nothing. I'll bind it up as soon as I get home."

But no, no! She insisted, and with such vehemence that unless he wished to maintain an absurd independence he must cease to contrary her. So they went up under old trees to the old, not-old, roomy house, with its wide view of hill and meadow and grazing, island wealth, and one thin line of the sea. Here were the vine-hung porch, and the dogs, and the negro servitor, and the cool, dim hall and the cool, dim, great parlor, with the harp gleaming by the wall. Now the flower bowls held larkspur and poppies.

The Captain was away, on justice business and *Leander* business, in New Annan. Kaye might have seen him in town, but had not. Mrs. Carlisle came at her daughter's call and proved quietly, largely motherly and deft at cleansing a wound and binding it up. When she was done, Kaye's head had the seeming of a fine, closely turbanned emir. Julia Carlisle regarded him. "It is becoming to you." She had, when she wished, a large openness of speech that did not offend.

When he rose and again thanked both these ladies and made to depart for Rainbird's she quite frankly would not have it. "No, no! stay a little.—Mother, haven't we wine?" The wine and cake came in. When it had been eaten and drunk, and Mrs. Carlisle had brought to an end a slow, pleasing narrative of island interrelations, he stirred again, but now Julia

Carlisle said, "I like the garden better than this room. Mother, I'll show Mr. Kaye the peacock."

"Young Juno!" thought Kaye, as they walked the garden alley toward the arbor which he remembered. The peacock and his wife came to her, and the first spread his magnificent fan. "All eyes!" said Julia Carlisle. "Like the world. I don't know about Mark here — that's his name, Mark Antony — but the world has too many eyes."

They were seated upon the step of the arbor, under purple clematis. "Has it too many," he asked; "or not enough?"

"It prys too much."

"It sees too little."

A trailer of the purple flower swung by her shoulder. She drew it to her and it lay across her lavender gown. He noted her hand, how it was made, its air and posture and the strength of it.

"You've spoken twice this morning of going 'home'. Is it 'home' to you now, that haunted house under Apple Tree Hill?"

"It's growing to be. The haunting has been exaggerated."

"Does Eldorado Island seem 'home'?"

"It is the earth, and earth is home. It is the universe, and the universe is home. But there is something beside and nearer. I do not know just what it is.

Yes, it does grow to seem home, despite idle boys and idle stones."

"Do you mean to live here always?"

"Throughout this life, you mean? The Dictator seems to mean it. As long as he is Dictator, or as long as the country chooses to punish my kind. That may be throughout my life and longer."

"What is your kind?"

"I don't truly know.—What is any kind? Only a kind. You spoke of eyes. I should like to see the Whole."

She played with the purple flowers. "Do you feel guilty, remorseful, penitent, convicted?"

He laughed, then abruptly, "I've got a general conviction of sin. But I don't believe it's what you mean."

At that she lapsed into silence, only to come out of it with, "I've always thought of myself as a tragic person. There's little in this island for me, yet here I must stay. You've had the whole field and can remember."

He said at once without consideration, "I think you've had — have — a field as wide as the earth," then, following his thought rather than his words, "I'm sure I beg your pardon —"

She laughed her slow, attractive laugh. "I don't mind.—Of course, I can read old romances —. I sup-

pose we've all a kind of submerged memory of long, long, long living."

"It's probable."

"Yes. I have a tragic personality. Alexander De Soria says so."

"I met him the other day. I like him. He lay under a locust tree and read me poetry."

Julia Carlisle's eyes regarded Mark Antony's thousand eyes, spread once more against the living green. She felt dissatisfaction with the man beside her continuing to like Alexander De Soria. Kaye stood up. "I've been away all day from Rainbird's and that means that Jim has been away all day too. We must be getting back. The cow's to be milked and Bran fed. Again, let me thank you —"

She walked beside him through the garden and across the grass that was filled with small flowers. "It was nothing! I was so glad to rescue you. You must come again." Under her liquid, slow speech a light shuttle was plying to and fro in her brain. "How soon will it be, and how may it be done? I will make father bid him to supper. He can find some reason, some question or service, so that it shall not seem, 'Exile, come home!'—The moon is full next week."

Upon the porch sat her mother, sorting flower seeds. "Good-by, Mr. Kaye.—Rainbird! When I was a

child my grandmother used to tell me stories of him.— You don't see anything in that house?"

Kaye smiled. "No. Sometimes I think that I feel something — but after all it may be just that overlapping on all our parts that must occur. Perhaps he feels me too — as I feel this place and this island."

Mrs. Carlisle continued to sort small, brightly pictured packets. "I have a diary of my ancestor, Godfrey Foxe, who came in the *Goodly Token*. All that part written in England is the most rebellious thing! Church and State and the laws then, which we can all now see were absurd, and everything. So I have never felt—" She did not finish, but sorted her pictured packets and told him good-by quite kindly.

Out on the road, going to his own abode, he said aloud, "Circe or Calypso? — Not Circe — she had too much harm in her. Calypso."

A trailer of the purple clematis seemed to swing across him. Then again he smelled the sea, and saw a small town, high, white and sun-washed, and heard the clack of two women.

"She's got her sorrows. She's got them all on her shoulders. Naomi Thorne."

"Aye, you don't get Scripture names like that for nothing!"

CHAPTER XI

HE had seen it coming for some days when in July Jim gave him notice. "You know I like you, Mr. Dick — I like you fine! The work ain't too hard, neither. And Bran and Pansy they've qualities, and you give me good wages too. But God-a-mighty, Mr. Dick, Apple Tree Hill has got a shadow like the devil himself!"

It had taken him long to break it, but once broken Jim wished to go with the slightest delay. "Yes, sir, I know about that grave yard I used to live by,—but Lawd, that graveyard was daid!"

"Can you get me some one else before you go?"

"I've been considering, Mr. Dick, that Lovejoy might come. He ain't got right good sense."

Lovejoy came and proved big and amiable, but indeed no prodigy of intellect, nor of industry. Moreover, it was not less company that he wanted at Rainbird's but more. In less than a week, loneliness began to parch and wither him. Kaye, Bran and Pansy, the cock and hens, the bees, Rainbird even, were not enough. Kaye said, "Do you want to go?"

"Well, you see, Mr. Kaye, sir, I'm young."

"That's so, Lovejoy," said Kaye, with his customary kindness. The next day Lovejoy went, without

leaving a substitute. Kaye milked and got supper. As he sat and ate it with Bran at his feet, Lovejoy's reason played in his head. "I'm young — I'm young!"

He ended his supper, washed and set aside the dishes and did the tasks that Jim had done well and Lovejoy not so well. He missed Jim. When all was over and the twilight firmly down upon Rainbird's, he lighted a lamp and carried it into the living room, Bran at his heels. "I feel to-night neither old nor young. I feel ageless." He set the lamp upon the table. The night was warm. Moths entered the windows and flew to the light. Then it came on to rain, softly, steadily.

Going to the bookshelf he hesitated at this volume and at that, then finally drew forth "The Faëry Queen," that he loved, and back beneath the lamp began to read, pitching upon the second book and the ninth canto. He read how to Guyon and Arthur the Soul showed the Body. The rain fell, softly, steadily. He laid down the book and sat leaning forward with his brow in his hands. When last he had been as alone as this it was in a prison.

Alma the soul, in her white and gold, with her garland of roses. The wonderful body. The past and present and future — and if they could be accorded and slip into eternity.

Another consciousness — another life. He believed them to be possible. Notes of such a music, so loud or

penetrating, maybe, that he could not choose but hear, had twice or thrice struck his sense. Would that they would come again, or their kin would come! But there was to-night only the sound of the rain upon the roof.

He got up and took from the chest by the wall his portfolio of prints, photographs and drawings. Back at the table he drew from it two sheets and propped them where, sunk in his chair and with the lamp turned so, he might brood upon them, dream them into stone before him. The Gardener Building and the Bridge Tower. They loomed — Rainbird's fell away. The Folk Hall would have been the greatest of the three. "Not would have been — *is*," he said. "It is."

Work! A man's work, a man's work. Brain, heart and hand working together.

He put the portfolio back. The lid of the chest, slipping from his hand, fell with a thundrous sound in the quiet room. Going to the open window he stood and looked into the blackness that was like velvet or under the sea. The rain fell straight, insistent, low-voiced; the wet air, fragrant and mournful, pressed against him. He turned from the night and began to pace the lit room. So in prison he had paced, so in prison — but he had not the length and the breadth and the height there that he possessed here. By no means. This was better, far better. "Venn! Ah, I wish that you might have it to-night — the room that I have!"

He began to think of the world. There had been attempt on his part to serve it. He might have looked back to boyhood, or even to childhood, and seen that with all human alloy, that attempt had been always present. Steadily present throughout his life — present now. Often enough it might seem to sleep or to fade, but always it revived, it waked, it began to pulse again. Imperfect knowledge, imperfect emotion, meant imperfect ways. It was so with all whom he had known — and he had known many — who would serve the world. It was so with him. Imperfect knowledge, imperfect feeling, imperfect action.

He did not think that his clan only saw something approaching the sure way. He did not think that any clan could see in its entirety that way. It was this quality in him that had antagonized many with whom he had worked. No! “The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in spirit.” Dimly, strangely, and yet so simply when one came to think of it, the way of the whole world as it traveled together, traveled as an orb, might be — must be — the Way of ways. It was the whole world together that provided those that in infinite degrees became way-showers. *The whole creation groaneth and travaileth together in spirit, looking to the manifestation of the sons of God.* Deep, deep in, the whole world saw to it that men and women who would make effort should never lack birth, that their

species should endure. That they seemed to fail, that they seemed to die, was nothing. That their plans and projects were never whole, never perfected, neither did that matter. How could they be? How could they be expected to be? But the world would continue to give them birth, for its needs, for its strong needs. And they were the brothers and sisters of all besides, and all besides were their brothers and sisters. And in the orb'd World they were One.

Returning to his seat by the lamp, he took up again "The Faëry Queen."—The rain fell softly all night, and the great trees sighed about the place.

The next day and the next he cared for himself at Rainbird's, but the third day he had resort to Amanda Thwaite.

He found her an Amazon of a woman, tall, strong, past middle age, in color light copper, spare of frame, high of feature, with Indian blood, he thought, as well as English blood and Guinea Coast blood. She lived with three granddaughters in a small house set in an extreme vividness of zinnias, scarlet beans, sunflowers and morning glories. The place blazed in the sun. Amanda Thwaite was leaning upon the gate, smoking a briar-root pipe.

"Good morning!"

"Good mahning!"

"I'm Richard Kaye from Rainbird's house."

"I thought you might be. That good-for-nothing Jim's left you."

"He isn't good for nothing. He's good for a great deal. I wish he'd return."

"Maybe he'll come some day. I told him he was a coward. Lawd! Do your own ha'nting and the other'll give back.—Lovejoy's gone too. But Lovejoy isn't much of a being."

Kaye nodded. "When we wanted anything Jim came to you. Now I'm here. Have you any notion — could you find me another man?"

Amanda Thwaite took it under consideration, standing on one side of the gate while Kaye stood on the other. The sun wrapped the shadeless place in a fine flame. One of the granddaughters, a child of twelve, passed singing, a pail of water upon her head. "How's the dawg and the bees?"

"Very well. I've named him Bran. He's company and a treasure. The bees are gathering honey a mile a minute."

"How's that rooster and the hens? They're good layers."

"They are so. The rooster crows the sun up every morning. He begins early and keeps at it."

"He's sure got a notion he's appointed to do it! I called him Gabriel."

"We've kept on calling him so."

"That's right! There's no sense throwing away a good name."

She considered further, a great bronze in the sunshine, then, "There's never been many colored folk on Eldorado. Most of them are working nowadays. Then when you come to Rainbird's —"

"I know it's difficult," said Kaye. "Two exiles, and a house between them that's well named and not well named."

Amanda Thwaite regarded him with dark and keen eyes. "When folk get into trouble with the High-ups — and stay there — they've got to begin right away with the crops Lonesomeness and Difference! Bees and roosters and dawgs go on working and crowing for them, but everybody else gets to know about the High-ups.— While I'm talking I'm thinking about Daniel. He ain't young like Lovejoy. He's old. Long time ago he got into trouble with the High-ups here on Eldorado Island, but that's all over with. It don't so much matter your having been, if they make it known you aren't so any longer. I don't reckon his was anything like so heavy as yours, anyway. Sometimes your heart and haid grows by trouble, and sometimes it's just the other way round. Some walks backward and some walks forward. I don't know about Daniel, but he might come. He don't have to work because he lives with his daughter, but sometimes he's willing to

take a job. Directly he'll be too old, but he ain't too old yet. I'll get word to him to come and see me."

"You're very good," said Kaye.

"I've had trouble myself," said Amanda Thwaite. "It wa'n't trouble with the High-ups, but Lawd! trouble is trouble."

"I will be going then," said Kaye. "How gay are your flowers! I haven't seen Prince's Feather like that since I was a boy."

"It's told me that Rainbird's growing to look like a human place once more.—You've seen Miss Julia Carlisle?"

"Yes."

"Ain't she beautiful?"

"Yes, she is."

"Have you been to the other end of the island?"

"To Derwent? Yes, several times."

"Have you been to Thorne House?"

"No."

Amanda Thwaite took her pipe from the top of the gate and stirred its ashes with her finger. "I see most of Miss Julia Carlisle. She's always coming this way — she knows I think she's beautiful. But Miss Naomi — Lawd! they give her enough to do at Thorne House. And this ain't her end of the island, anyway."

Kaye said. "She is older than Julia Carlisle."

"Yes, a good bit."

He said, "I must be going now. I've a deal to do at Rainbird's. Thank you again."

Amanda Thwaite looked at him remotely. "It makes a kind of wonder in my head — a kind of buzzing of bees — why Miss Julia Carlisle flings out against her. I've heard her fling out against her. It ain't as though she could be jealous of her. She ain't the marrying kind — Naomi Thorne. It's deep down, I reckon — and the dress it wears now ain't the dress it once wore.— Well, I'll see Daniel, sir. But that Jim, he ought to have stayed! I don't hold with giving no kind of fears the victory. Fears are low-down folk!"

He left her leaning upon her gate and returned to Rainbird's. But though he worked through the remainder of the morning, in the afternoon again he wandered. First he went into the wood that curved about the place, and then he climbed for the second time Apple Tree Hill.

Lying upon the hilltop, the deep summer air fanned him, while overhead, in a pure and strong blue, went galleons and galliases, caravels and cock boats of snowy cloud. Association made him expect bitterness and melancholy. But they did not come this time, and he wondered if he had worn Rainbird out, or assimilated him. He had grown to have an affection for that Ancient.

Stretched out so, he watched the island around and below, and the sky above and Richard Kaye. Presently he seemed to be watching Richard Kaye from some invisible height or circumference or center. He saw him lying there and all the circumstance of him, within and without, and it did not greatly matter to him, the observer, that he seemed to be prisoned in that island and that day and year. The observer appeared to be able to allow for all that. Like a window closing, like a light passing from a room, the perception departed. He passionately regretted its going, for it had seemed of all things in the world the most desirable. "Oh, birds of a farther, wider life, a life that gathers up all my partial lives, you are so momentary!"

But though the instant seemed irrevocably gone, it left behind it a tone, a color, a frame of mind, a detachment. After a while he began again to look at Richard Kaye, though by rushlight or smoky torchlight as compared to the other. There occurred certain recognitions, as, "You are once more in physical health — your tone, after shock and strain and misery, is coming back."—"Wretchedness has gone from you — do not don it again!"—"Another thing, you know that a man may take up world's work wherever he is. If you are ready a field will find you. It may not be in the old dimension, but it will be in some dimension."

He lay upon Apple Tree Hill until the sunset was

going from the sky and the evening star swam in pure loveliness.

A day or two later came Daniel, a small, quite black, old but sinewy man. He was not Jim, but he did much better than Lovejoy. He brought his Bible under his arm, and the reputation of Rainbird's did not seem to affect him. He was as taciturn as Jim had been talkative.—He stayed ten days, at the end of which time appeared his daughter, a small, thin, black woman, much like him. She stood six yards from the door of Rainbird's and demanded her father. "He ain't got no business here! He's been *witched* into this place, and I gwine have him out of it! He don' have to work. He's coming home with me, and if you tries to get him again, sir, I'se gwine to the justices! Yaas, sir, I done have a dream. I had it twice. A shining angel came and said, 'Take yo' father from Rainbird's!'"

She had come in a wagon with a boy driving, and doubtless by now most folk of her color on Eldorado knew of her dream. Daniel went away with her, with his Bible and an ancient leather trunk.

When the sound of the wagon had died away, Kaye sat down upon his door stone and laughed. Bran pressed against him. He lifted the puppy that was hurrying toward young doghood. "Well, Bran,—well, Bran?" He laughed again, then sobered. "Let's fend for ourselves, Bran! We've been hunters

and soldiers and such, many and many a time! We've been nomads, hermits, outlaws, shepherds upon the lonely hills, wandering minstrels and shunned heretics, and I know not what beside! We've been exiles before. Various emperors have exiled us, and part-colored misfortune. Yet we have known exile itself to turn sweet.—So may it be here, Bran; so may it be here! Let us pick out some old measure, Bran, and repeat it with betterment, striking wisdom and a greater market from it, Bran!”

CHAPTER XII

THE cliffs stood, here dark, here pallid, under a sky of smoothed cloud, all even gray. The air hung entirely quiet, though with a sense of expectancy. Sea birds went by on steady wing, but knowing very well that storm was coming and whence. However, it would not come at once; they had time enough for short travel and undertakings. Goodly Token beach lay pale, with the tide far out. To all appearance the sea was sleeping, gray as the sky; not a surly gray, but a gray with a pallor of light within it. It made a sound against the reef and along its own immense border, like a fine, distant humming and droning; so steady a sound that one might quite forget it, but one that went with the other prophecies. The day moved neither slow nor fast, neither hot nor cold, but very quiet, complete in itself yet with somewhere the knowledge that its evenness was not destined to last.

"I must go presently," said Kaye, "and you must come with me, Rob. There's a long, deep storm on the way."

"I've stayed them out before this, here in the *Davy Wing*."

"Maybe. But you'll come with me, won't you? I'll show you that god I have at Rainbird's house. The

one with the winged cap and heels and the caduceus."

"Yes, I do want to see him. But look at my goddess! She's standing now in a silver mist — so high!"

He clasped his hands in a kind of ecstasy before the beautiful great shell, colored like a pearl, like a rose, like an object made of amber. "I never like to leave her when the storms come and the waves begin to beat and shout."

"She's used to the sea. It's home to her."

"Yes, that's true. Well, I'll go —" But he remained kneeling in the sand upon which the *Davy Wing* now rested. "You know, you understand very well. You and Michael and my sister really are the only ones."

"Doesn't your father?"

Rob shook his head. "His sorrows won't let him. They hide things from him, just as the seaweed would hide, if it could, all the beautiful shells. But my sister won't let the seaweed wrap her, for all there's so much of it now at Thorne House. And when it comes around Michael, it isn't seaweed any longer."

The sand floor, overarched by the ribs of the *Davy Wing*, gleamed pale, and the shells, all polished and ranged in their circles, gleamed, and the light in the place was at once wavering and quiet and dimmed like that in cavern under the sea. It put things far off, far off and indifferent. Drone, drone, drone, the sea

droned. The *Davy Wing* — Goodly Token Beach — The Church of the Salvation — Derwent in its strange light, above the sea — Thorne House with a piece of timber out of the *Goodly Token* built into it, timber that of wild nights gave forth a sound of shipwreck and of shouting. Robert Thorne's voice shouting, "All's well! All's well!" — Churchyards — Graves covered with myrtle and roses. I BELIEVE IN THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY AND THE LIFE EVERLASTING.

Kaye made a movement. "Come, Rob — let's go."

Leaving the museum and the *Davy Wing* they found themselves in an outer day a shade nearer the tempest. But the latter had yet some distance of time and space to traverse. The beach spread a solitary place; the ocean lay an old, gray Being, still asleep, though lightly now and uneasily. The air hung quiet and waiting. It might be several hours before all should be in motion.

Rob suggested, "Let's go to the cleft where the shells come thickest."

"No, no. Either to Rainbird's with me, or, better still, go home to Thorne House. They'll be anxious about you in the storm. I'll see you inside the little gate above the road."

Rob was staring in front of him. "There's Naomi! She's been thinking, 'He'll drown one day, and I'll

miss him.' When it's a day like this and she thinks that, she leaves what she is doing and comes after me."

The small figure grew larger, coming swiftly over the pale beach. The woman who had ridden the white Inca mare into Derwent, the woman of the Scripture name "that was not for nothing", the woman whom he had marked in the Church of the Salvation. She came straight to them over the sand from the green descent between the cliffs. She wore some kind of rough, dark dress, with a white kerchief knotted about the open neck, and on her head a cap. It gave an effect of a former day, of a woman out of a former time. Not so far from this manner might have been dressed the women of the *Goodly Token*.

They met. She spoke. "Rob, Rob! A storm is coming, and I've a cake for you at home, and a new picture book —"

Rob picked up a pebble and sent it skipping. The tide had turned; they were now at the edge of the water that was drawing in very full and glassy. He laughed with a wicked, gleeful, elfin face. "She thinks that I can't put two and two together — but I can! Is it a fairy story book and a citron cake?"

"It is both," said his sister gravely, "and I've always known that you can put two and two together. The two is the storm and the other two is that I've something with which to buy you."

With that she turned to Kaye and began to speak, but stumbled in her speech and brushed her hand across her eyes. "It's the light. There is always something in it, here, on this beach." She took her hand away and spoke directly to Kaye, it being her way to be very simple and honest in speech. "It seemed to me for a moment that I knew you well.—It is strange.—It still seems to me so. But how could that be? Of course, I know who you are on this island."

"My name is Richard Kaye."

"Mine is Naomi Thorne. Mine does not seem to have altered, but yours has done so. Even Rob would say that I am talking nonsense. What is it to be exiled, anyhow, and what is it to try to change the world?"

He did not answer her, and they stood, now looking at the sea, and now at each other. She said, "It will mourn to-night and spread its arms against the cliffs."

"But to-morrow will be joy."

"Yes. To-morrow will be joy. *Weeping shall endure for the night, but joy cometh in the morning.*"

She looked at him steadily. "Whoever you are, you are like and not like what you used to be. You have put on more rings."

"And you also. Trees do grow. You are a beech tree."

"You too. In the same forest. Old neighbors."

He said, "It is closer than that."

She looked at him with tears in her eyes. "I do not know. How strange are all things, and how home-like! — Come, we'd best be going!"

They went by the dunes where the wind was beginning to whisper in the dune grass, and up the stair of green and of gray, between the gray weather-worn walls. Now they stood upon the close-cropped turf at the top of the cliffs, and saw Goodly Token Beach below them, and the sea, and the reef where had struck the ship upon that wild night. The air had begun to move, though fitfully. The white tower of Eldorado Old Light drew and held what illumination there was, standing out spectrally in the gray-green gulf of earth, sky and sea. "If it had shone for us that night," said Naomi Thorne, "the *Goodly Token* might have borne us safely on to the wide country. Then nothing of this day —"

"Could it have happened other than the way it has happened — is happening?"

"I do not know. It has happened so. That is enough."

They stood watching the vast, slow gathering. "To-night the beam at Thorne House will give forth Robert Thorne's voice. 'All's well! All's well!'"

"You have heard it?"

"Yes. He's still protecting his own. And that's all who came — that's all who are here!"

The storm gathered, and yet it was well away. The long hush, the repose that was yet so watchful, held all things in a Titan hand. Rob, who had been wandering, now came up to them. "Let's go by Michael's.—Yes, yes, I will!"

"If you will, you will!" said his sister with her fleeting, indulgent smile. "Not wishing to let go of you, I will, too."

"Who is Michael?"

"Michael's the basket-maker."

"Yes, Rob told me that."

"I do not know who else he is," said Naomi. "His name here is William Michael, but folk call him Michael. He, neither, was born on this island, or knew, maybe, especially of it before he came. He came many years ago upon a sailing ship that put in here for water. Two of her sailors had been badly hurt in a storm and the master left them here. Michael was her passenger, for what reason I do not know, and it seems that he had nursed these two. Now they clung to him, they say, and one was just a boy. So he came ashore with them and stayed. He stayed on Eldorado Island. The boy died; the man got well and went away the next year in the *Nautilus*. But Michael stayed. He liked Eldorado Island—or there was something he wished to do here—I do not know. Rob and I remember him for a long time back."

"Yes, yes!" agreed Rob. "He understands my shells, and what the trees say, and he has cool water and he knows how to make oat cakes."

"And he makes and sells baskets?"

"Yes," said Naomi. "Willow baskets. No one would think how many willows there are on this island. All our folk buy from him. He makes them very strong and of all sizes."

"I have wondered," said Kaye, "if at last I might not make a market for what I raise in my garden, or perhaps for honey. Turn bee-keeper —"

They were speaking so simply, so quietly, each with a vast, old trust in the other. She was silent for a little, standing with her eyes upon the glassy sea, then "Was that what you used to do? — No, you cannot yet do what you used to do. . . . I cannot remember it clearly, what it was. But I will tell you what I would do now, if I were you. You must draw very well indeed, I know, and you must see all the pictures in this island. Jonathan Lucius in Derwent would show your sketches in his shop if they were of things that folk and travelers like. You might sell as many of them as you would sell honeycombs, and they are of a truer order of produce for you . . . And then, perhaps, at long last . . . Now and then they do build on Eldorado Island. Houses to dwell in and houses for the people to come together in . . . Perhaps one day

they might begin to come to you for knowledge. Perhaps they might come to say, 'Be our architect'."

He gazed at her. She stood, intent upon his problem; as of old, intent upon solutions. The air moved her short clustering locks beneath the cap, the dimity kerchief about her throat, the dark skirt. When? — When? — In how many costumes? Again and again they must have been together.

The wind was blowing about them, yet not loudly, not strongly. The storm approached slowly, at its leisure. Kaye spoke.

"It is like and not like a dream, this place and hour. A dream with its significance, and I do not know what it is. But I know that it is significant, and that it goes forward. We know more than we are held to know, about ourselves and about others. But we are strangely afraid of our knowledge. Men and women, we play hide-and-seek with our knowledge. It may be that we fear the great joy and the great pain when it shall all rush together."

"Maybe.— Yes, yes, Rob, now we are going."

So saying, she turned into the threadlike path that led over the green headland to the immense abutment of rock, the one or two trees, long gnarled and slanted by sea winds, and the small cottage that seemed the only dwelling hereabouts. An elderly man set the door wide for them as they approached. From within

showed a glint of fire. Rob hastened ahead. "Have you finished the great basket?—It's Naomi and Richard Kaye. He was with me and my goddess, and here she comes like a flying leaf just to tell me there's going to be a storm! As if I couldn't see that for myself, and take care of myself besides!"

The others came up. "Good day, Michael!"—"Good day, Naomi!"—"This is Mr. Kaye."—"Good day, Mr. Kaye. You've an hour yet, Naomi. Come in!"

Within was a quiet room with a stone hearth and a driftwood fire. All showed warm brown, save the jewel fire and some heaps of baskets, straw color of the peeled willow, or stained carmine. There stood a settee, one old, curiously shaped chair, and a couple of stools. "I'm glad to see you," said William Michael. "Sit down. I've just mended the fire."

He had a voice somewhat low in pitch, strong and as filled with color as the driftwood fire. Kaye thought that with the difference of sex, Naomi's possessed the same quality. His frame was tall and largely made, his hands strong and fine; he wore a beard, and his eyes were sea blue and very keen under heavy brows. He had a big, well-modeled nose, and a wide mouth beneath the soft, clean waves of whitened hair. "Sit down," he said, "and tell me what you have been doing." He himself took the deep, old chair and

drew toward him the basket he was weaving.

"Rob and I must go directly," said Naomi. "Mother will be fretting. But your fire is so beautiful to watch —" As she spoke, she took a corner of the settle, and it seemed that she must be used to sitting there. Rob sat upon the hearth itself, his arms around his lifted knees, his chin upon his arms. The red, the blue, the green, the purple, the gold and amber light beat upon him, washed him until he seemed now driftwood with the driftwood, and now a sprite of the fire. Kaye seated himself upon a stool. "What have you been doing?" asked Michael again.

"I have been making raspberry jam and citron cakes — and reading to mother when she cannot sleep — and seeing the trader about the thirty Inca horses we have this summer — and running to Goodly Token Beach after Rob."

"And you?" said Michael.

"I have been hewing into firewood the dead trees in the wood — and I have been to New Annan for supplies. I've been caring for Rainbird's in all its details. I've been again to the top of One Mountain, and to the churchyard of the Salvation."

"What do you do there?"

"I look at the graves."

"Don't do that too often. There's no one in the graves. Don't look too curiously at emptiness."

"Where are they who are not in the graves?"

"Where should they be?"

"I've asked you."

"And I ask you."

Kaye looked without answering into a sapphire and amethyst whirl of flame, then, "I've been milking my cow and teaching my dog. And reading fairy tales and studying mathematics."

"Or reading mathematics and studying fairy tales?" Michael laughed. "Or studying both. Both are good — very good — to study."

His great supple hands drew the willows in and out. Naomi spoke. "I read the Bible to mother and Homer to father. Then I read memoirs and diaries to mother and Plato to father. Then I read Dickens to mother and Shelley to father. Then I play chess with father and cribbage with mother. I never get them together."

Rob came in with a meditative voice. "There's a strange little being yonder in the fire! Now it's moving — don't you see it?"

"I have made a map of this island," said Kaye. "It's truly a beautiful one, ornamented in the old fashion. It occurs to me that I might make replicas — smaller they should be than my original. Then — your idea —" he was speaking to Naomi. "I might place them at that shop in Derwent. I have very little money and I could use more, even here and as I am.

But it is not that that I mainly think of, but to produce what I can produce."

Naomi turned so that the fire shone and played over her head and face, her breast, her hands. "After they have all gone to bed, I sit in my window and watch the stars come up. I go out of it, out of Thorne House and afar. I do not know how far. Then I feel poetry, and touch the skirts of some one supreme within me and without me, who knows passion and grandeur and peace."

Kaye said. "I have my times when I hear the crying and the singing of something like my whole Self."

The flame upon the hearth leaped and fell, and the wood that fed it was salt with the sea and made it every color. Outside the cot the wind began to hum. The basket-maker put by his weaving. "You must go if you would make your own places before the storm. Go, but come again, come again!"

Outside the door the sky and the air were growing livid, while a heightened green clothed the few trees and bushes and the close-cropped grass; and the sea was rousing itself.

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed Naomi. "We must hasten, all of us!"

Now they were in the narrow road and swung along it, Rob in a kind of half-walk, half-dance before them. They did not speak but seemed to themselves one with

the most purposeful Nature about them. Hastening so, little time passed before they were at the wicket in the high bank, all overhung with trumpet vine and traveler's joy.

"Will you come in? Will you come to Thorne House?"

"Not now. I must hurry on to Rainbird's."

"Come then another day. Come when you will."

With that she was gone, Rob having already disappeared. She was gone with suddenness through the wicket. It opened and closed. The green and silver of the traveler's joy, the strong orange-red of the trumpet blooms, the drooping boughs of a linden hid her, almost hid the gate through which she had gone. Kaye felt a pang. It was as though Time had taken her, hiding her from him again, deep in yesterday or deep in to-morrow. Yet it was not so. They were together beyond all time and space, and the deepest, strangest content wrapped him as he hurried on to Rainbird's.

CHAPTER XIII

THE storm prolonged itself. All embodied folk at Rainbird's took shelter against it, Pansy in her shed, dry and warm, the bees in their hive, Gabriel, the hens and the pullets in their own house, Bran and Kaye in the living room, behind glass panes that streamed water, beside the hearth where the flames bent and twisted with the gusts in the chimney. A bough of an ancient poplar, torn away by the blast, struck the wall with the sound and force of a battering ram. Bran jumped into Kaye's arms.

"Bran, Bran, how many a storm have you heard and will hear! It's not worth while to be frightened!"

With the dog held to him he went to a window. "On sea and on land. The great boats and the staunch boats and the well-directed boats will ride it out. Others, too, survive by hook or by crook. And for those who go down, who may say that they come not up again?"

The window streamed so that it was like looking from under water. As he turned away, there came a loud knock upon the door. He opened to Alexander De Soria, wet as a drowned man. A cataract entered with him and an enormous shouting and pushing of the wind — they got the door to with difficulty. The

younger man was panting. "Ugh! what a tussle! I was mad enough to go watch its coming from the top of Elder Hill. It came too quick and caught me and this is the nearest house —"

"You are wet through. Here, I'll give you clothes."

De Soria put them on, large and long though they were for him, then came from the small room into the large one to find a mended fire and a teakettle singing on the hob. He carried an armful of wet habiliments. "I'm making a mess for you here." They bestowed the garments over a chair at the corner of the hearth where they began to steam. The fire crackled. Kaye poured water from the kettle into an earthenware teapot and brought two cups and saucers, sugar and wafers of his own baking. Bran behaved with friendliness; through all the storm a cricket, esconced somewhere in the warmth, kept singing.

De Soria sighed with comfort. "It is like — it brings it before me, back to me, though certainly I never was there — some scene in a camp — a bivouac. — A hard day and storm; fire at eve, something to eat and rest." He sat and sipped his tea. "It's strange, isn't it, how one thing melts into another? All or most of them, doubtless, dreams — that 'insubstantial pageant faded' that leaves not a rack behind!"

"I used to think that dreams were unsubstantial. And there's nothing that leaves not a rack behind."

De Soria filled his cup again. "Well, it is like that — like an ancient, ancient, most dimly remembered bivouac.— You were in the war?"

"Which one? The one from — to —? Yes."

"How did you like it?"

"I did not like it at all."

"It's strange. We seem to have liked it very fairly well when we had that bivouac."

"Very likely. Some parts of it. Believed of ourselves that we liked it."

"Were you wounded?"

"Yes."

"What was your worst — the blackest — moment? Those things always interest me."

"I have many of them. I was not wounded myself, but I saw a few hundred others wounded, terribly so. That was one.— I was in a city and saw a great parade, and children clapping their hands and women blowing kisses, the church pontificating and civic officials officiating. That was one.— I heard children crying at a ruined door. That was one.— I was in a little, peaceful, untouched meadow, quite alone, and birds came down to drink at the stream, and there were some tall, purple flowers and quiet reeds, and a blue sky. That was one."

He rose and turned the chair with the visitor's clothing. The blasts beat against Rainbird's, the rain

washed the windows, the August air was turned November, the fire felt good.

"Black chaplets," said Kaye. "There are roses with the yew. Let us call this an ancient bivouac, and say that it gives such moments, such friendlinesses. Other things as well. But there is too much yew and too few roses. Yew! Thistles, nightshade, dock and darnel, hellebore and mandragora — and for the human soul."

"Yet —"

"Once it was fairly innocent," said Kaye. "Now it is innocent no more."

He returned to his seat. Alexander De Soria drank his third cup of tea and put out his hand for another wafer. The wind howled, the flame bent, then leaped again; the house for all that it was Rainbird's gave solid shelter. "You will have to stay the night," said Kaye. "It will last until midnight certainly."

"If you will give me a shakedown here —?"

"I can make you comfortable, and I am glad to have you."

"I might have fought on to Pleasant Hill. But I should have been nothing but a drowned and beaten man when I got there. It has these storms — Eldorado Island." He stirred his tea with the pewter spoon, keeping a certain Spanish elegance in clothes too large for him, in Rainbird's house. "I quarreled with Julia

yesterday, so she will not care if I am drowned. However I expect to make it up.— They say that you have been several times to Pleasant Hill?”

“ Yes. Twice since that first day on Eldorado. Once by accident, and once because Captain Carlisle was good enough to insist upon my coming. But I have determined not to go again. It is not wise, I think.”

“ Because of his position on the island and your own?”

“ To an extent. Yes.”

“ He is a good-natured, friendly thick-head. His women rule him.”

“ He has been genuinely kind. I owe him many small and large easings of my way.”

The clock that he had bought in Derwent struck the hour. Not only the storm outside had darkened the air, but it was drawing toward night. Alexander De Soria lighted a cigarette.

“ Strange notions come to me sometimes. One is, that there's a curious, conscious treading in these latter days of old paths again. Bivouacs now — exiles — banished men. A night like this is both new and old. Recapitulations. Tasting every old ware again, before we say farewell and draw out new matters for new markets. I like to skim on the surface and see that it is being done, while I lie in the churchyard of the

Salvation, reading old poems. Dictators, Imperators, Cæsars now. They say that you and our Dictator were born in the same village."

"Yes. That is why I am here rather than in the Four Prison."

"Tell me about the Dictator."

"Obvious and common property things? I do not wish, I think, to tell any other."

"Then do not let us talk of him.—Let us talk of Julia Carlisle."

"Of Julia Carlisle?"

"She is for the new and the strange. It is the oldest old, to be for the new and the strange. She has been betrothed to three men here in Eldorado: James Macdougall, who went to the war and did not return; a man from the main who broke with her or she with him; and Charles Foxe, her cousin, who was drowned. When this summer began I thought, 'Well, we'll be betrothed by the time the grapes are ripe! She has great beauty and she's your manifest destiny, Alexander De Soria—or you are hers—in Eldorado.' But I do not know at present; I really do not know. We've had—for us—a violent quarrel. But it rests that she's beautiful and desirable and the only child of Pleasant Hill, and that the island is watching us, and that one must not disappoint one's community—not when one's pride would get a wound in doing it!

Pride! It's a strange Grotesque that one can be humorous about. Yet the beast has its qualities and its rights. It's not alone the Spaniard in me. I had it for a motive before Spain began. So Julia Carlisle and I are going to marry."

"I am of your community now," said Kaye, "and expect it with the others."

"For several years now, when I have not studied poetry, I've studied Julia Carlisle. She's not a Dresden shepherdess nor a Miss Submission. There's something large and fatal about her, and I do not know if I shall be so happy if I marry her. Yet I mean to do it. Underneath all her indolent drifting is will and force for a hundred. When she does know her own mind, she knows it at last with the certainty of — of Nature. And I, though I seem a dawdler, I, when it is worth while, know mine also."

"Why are you telling me all this?"

"I am telling you all this," said De Soria, "because for one thing it is a bivouac, where men, with a flavor of comrades forever, talk easily. Again, you seem to me strange and not so strange to this island and the society thereof. Again, you've had a life of experience and suffering and human drama — the kind of thing that piques interest in man and in woman. . . . It is my belief that strangeness of circumstance always works upon Julia Carlisle. Upon the surface she is a

conventional woman, but underneath as little as need be. Or maybe she has always with her her own conventions and adheres to them. Since I have begun to study her, I see that she is as complex and as uncomplex as Nature, as circuitous and as straightforward. I think that at present she is making a picture and tinting it this way and that as she looks at it, and that it is of a banished man in Rainbird's house. I do not care how many pictures she plays with in her mind. But she has it in her, some fine day, with her pictures, to make her play spring up alive. Well I, Alexander De Soria, wish no other picture than mine to spring up alive!"

"You are giving yourself unnecessary trouble."

"Perhaps I am, perhaps I am not. I said to myself a while ago, when I perceived that Rainbird's was the nearest shelter, 'After all, a convenient storm!'"

Kaye kept silence a moment; then, "It is best to be simple and plain about such matters. Captain Carlisle sent for me to Pleasant Hill. I went — and Pleasant Hill has friendly, human ways. But I have told you that I am not going again." He paused, then continued, "Many things are out of my life. They will not come in again.—It is likeliest that she coquette with you."

"'Likeliest', yes, but —"

"Count me out of it," said Kaye with some impa-

tience. "I am. It is extravagant that you should think otherwise. Extravagant toward me, and extravagant toward the woman that you claim to love."

"Poetic extravagance?" Well, let us be poetic and let us be extravagant — if it is true!"

"But if it is not?"

"It is not where you are concerned," said Alexander De Soria. "I think that you are out of it. I have that sense of you from out the churchyard of the Salvation and from out this bivouac. But she is younger than you. I suppose that I, too, am younger than you. I suppose there is an age of the soul."

"Listen to the storm!" said Kaye. "Let us talk of other things. I am not going again to Pleasant Hill."

Rising, he mended the fire, then went to the door and set it open. Tempest and darkness appeared to rush at him, wind and wet and lightning. Eldorado — Eldorado — Eldorado, and the piece of *Goodly Token* timber in Thorne House crying, "All's well! All's well!" He shut the door and returned to the hearth. Alexander De Soria also had risen and was studying the Hermes upon the mantelshelf. The fire had not the all colors of the basket-maker's that afternoon, but it burned clear and ruddy-gold and lighted the young man above and the young man below.

"He's a god — I wish I were one!"

"He makes conscious use of his wings and his twined staff."

"He's Mind, is he not; the divine Mercury?"

"Yes."

Alexander De Soria touched the figure, then turned back to the table and his cigarette.

"Well, as to Rainbird? Is he still here?"

The night closed in; the storm continued. The two men together cooked and ate their supper. All Kaye's makeshifts and arrangements interested De Soria; he applauded this and was amused by that. Kaye laughed with him. The tiny, ancient house, with its tone so altered, appeared to fascinate the visitor. "It must have a beauty, to conspire and be stranded in such a place — Rainbird and all!"

"'To conspire'— Ah, what do you mean by that?" said Kaye, but the other went on, "I may have done so; we may have done so together, ages ago; it seems so richly natural here to-night. I suppose there are echoes from every cell in the hive!"

"Aye. Just."

"And the echoes cross. Now a voice from here, and now from there. As the wind that blows to-night has in it the Continent and the Indies and the open sea."

"You have it, and every man is a poet when he lays hand upon it."

Their supper ended, they washed and put away the

dishes, and fed Bran, and brought the mattress that had been Jim's and Lovejoy's and Daniel's and depositing it between hearth and window spread it with sheets and blankets from Kaye's small store, then went and looked at the tempest, and returning laid fresh wood upon the fire and sat and talked another hour by the clock. It struck with a sweet, small, remote sound.

"I bought it that day at Derwent. I like that place — like it inexpressibly.

"It has its own song and always has had. It is immemorially the Thorne end of the island."

"I felt there strange kinships and old likings. And I was, this afternoon, at William Michael's."

"Ah!" said De Soria. "Every one takes baskets, great and small, from Michael, and one puts one thing in them and one puts another. But who he is himself I do not truly know. He was not born upon this island and accident seemed to place him here long ago. But again I suppose 'accident' is a blind word that can not see itself." He tossed his cigarette into the fire and rising, stretched his light, elegant figure in its too large clothing. "I think it roars less loudly, the wind, and the rain is less like the ocean striking the panes. I've been walking and chewing a bitter cud most of the day."

"The bedroom is ready for you yonder. Bran and I are going to camp here."

“ You should let me do that.”

“ No, no!” said Kaye. “ You are my first guest in so very long a time. I must make the most of you and give you the best.”

So they went to bed, and in the night the tempest sank and the stars came out.

CHAPTER XIV

TEN days later he walked again to Derwent. Now it was deep in August, strong Summer regarding with a still, intense passion her own landscape in the days before she should cry Good-by! Again was gold and amber light through and over Derwent, but deeper. The sea spread cobalt blue; the sky, as blue or bluer, had an intensity, a recollection. He went along the one street, and by now he had been often in Derwent and folk knew him well enough by sight. They knew him in New Annan, and in tiny Plymouth, and on the roads of the island. This was the offender against the State that the Dictator had sent among them for life — because, perhaps, of old there had run a word of exiles here and had gone forth some picture of that far and tangled corner in the yard of the Church of the Salvation. Shape and step and voice and countenance, they thought they knew him well enough, this especial disturber of the general peace to whom the justices had so appropriately assigned Rainbird's old, solitary, haunted house. There was a tradition how to accept exiles. It accepted him so, only the times were softer than in Rainbird's day. So much softer were they that this man might be both isolated and courteously spoken to in passing. One must, of course, remember

that any real intercourse might lead to unfavorable comment and yet, keeping that well in mind, not be averse to slight, conventional neighborliness. After all, he seemed a decent sort; he was, they said, highly educated. More than that, he had no foreign air, but seemed at times almost one of the island, one of the "old people", one simply that had traveled and been to great schools, and was now come back. Thus a kind of acceptance and in-weaving was growing up around Kaye, as indeed it had grown up around that bitter predecessor of his, that bitter Rainbird — only Rainbird's day was an earlier and a harsher in small things, if not in great. No more parties of small boys stoned him; fisher folk sold to him as to others, though still, maybe, with a half-hostile curiosity in their eyes and their voices. On the wharf at New Annan; in the post-office on the days of the *Hero* or the *Leander*; in the small, small reading room to which he had found his way and where he might sit a very little while before some newspaper or journal; in the street, on the leafy roads, men and women slightly inclined their heads, said, "Good morning, Mr. Kaye," in varying tones of stiffness, of knowing who he was and who they were. A few had more courage or curiosity or feeling of ultimate kind. A few were entirely friendly. He was fortunate, and he knew it.

As he walked there came this morning and walked

with him the thought of George Weld. Outside of what, politically, he thought of George Weld, there was growing upon him an odd sense of personal gratitude. In this strange world men must perforce serve one another even while they fought. When once they came thoroughly to observe that, perhaps all opposition would lose venom. Perhaps then, and then only, could one cease to say, "This strange world, this violent, unnatural world!" Then, then only, "My dearest world, my true love, my native orb of which I tire not; no, not of one jot or tittle of its ever zestful, ever strong and lovely life!" So George Weld and Richard Kaye might be in opposition — yet occur victory for neither, being what 'victory' now was; nor defeat, being what 'defeat' now was. For all things and all lives work into one another, and at last with consciousness of one another's immortality.

George Weld! As he walked the road to Derwent, he had for companion that Dictator who had been born in his village, or in whose village he had been born. The village was to both of them. Weld would have his long memories as he had them. Their eyes had seen, their ears had heard, so much in common — and then one had been among the Querists, and one was Dictator.

As he walked a memory arose slowly, out of invisibility. It was a Saturday, long, long ago in that vil-

lage, and he, Dick Kaye, away to join three other boys and go for walnuts. They would have a couple of sacks among them — they meant a winter store. The best place for walnuts was the hollow between two hills, on the old Mordaunt place. It was a cool gray day, no sun, but little danger of rain,— cool, very still, gray, except for the color of the leaves underfoot, and overhead the diminished army. He remembered his old green “Arabian Nights” that he was taking along. There arose before him the giant sycamore at the edge of town. A man stood beneath it with his hands in his pockets, looking now at the town and now at the old Mordaunt place that had been closed for ever so long and was for sale. A man grown, but not an old man. George Weld. He remembered now; that five minutes rose bodily, like a drowned galleon from the sea. George Weld had said “Hello!” and stopped him, and had asked his name and given his own, and had said, “I was born in this village. But I went away before you came on. Exits and entrances!” Then he had asked how the walnuts were this year, and what was his book, and if he liked Aladdin best or Forty Thieves. — It came up, the bodily past; it hung before him. George Weld! Yesterday he would have said, “He was born in my village. But I do not remember ever having seen him before the days of the Dictatorship.” God alone knew what was this thing Memory, and

how far it went, and how all the tracery traveled together!

And here was Derwent and the street of small houses set high above the sea and washed by that air of its own, so delicate and so strong, all sunny and pristine. He looked down upon the minute harbor with the reef beyond it and Eldorado Old Light. There moved the little boats; he had not been within a boat since he came. Well enough he would have liked to arrange with some fisherman, going out to sea in the first dawn with the men and the nets, or upon the wonderful afternoons sailing about the island, seeing the sunset turn into Loki fire the western facing, fantastically fretted cliffs; sailing and sailing, maybe, until the round moon fetched a paler magic! But it was among the exactitudes of his bond that in no man-made craft at all might he sail this sea. No one was to put forth with him from land, seeing that there might be persuasion, bribery, escape to some larger craft. It was fantastic that he might not go a half mile from shore unless he swam it; that with all the sails that flitted about Eldorado none might set its wing for him; that the *Davy Wing* was the only ship that he might enter, the *Davy Wing* with Rob Thorne for skipper! But he made no move to enter a living ship, or large or small. His word was given.—George Weld, and the world beyond Eldorado, and all the subtle penetration —.

He came to the shop of the little old deaf man from whom he had bought the clock. Jonathan Lucius was his name. The shop carried in its window a quaint world of articles. Kaye, entering, waited until a child had bought a copy-book, a ribbon and a china cup and saucer and was gone with her purchases. Then he put upon the counter the portfolio that he carried and showed Jonathan Lucius its contents. There were three maps, very richly done in India ink — Eldorado Island, taken, as it might be, in its principal features — from a map that any might consult in the New Annan reading room, but treated after the antique fashion by a master draughtsman with a vigorous and flowing fancy. Almost any one, thought Jonathan Lucius, would want one of these maps and would frame it. There was besides a water color of the Church of the Salvation, and that, too, the little crooked man perceived to be admirable. Yes, he would show them in his window, he would be glad to, Mr. Kaye. Somewhere in New Annan would be the better place, yet when strangers came on the *Hero* or the *Leander* they drove to Derwent also, and as for the island, the first people were as likely, or a little likelier, to see them here. There would be buyers, he thought. Yes, the price was all right; probably not what they were worth, but the times were hard and people weren't spending much.

He looked with small, shrewd, kindly eyes at the

offerer. "A man who came and went on the *Hero* and was for an hour at the Winged Horse was telling about you. He said you had fame as an architect and that you made big money. 'Then,' said he, 'he threw it all away in a damned foolish movement against the tide!' And everybody nodded, and said that it was wrong to swim against the tide." He bent his face, wrinkled like a nut, over the picture of the Church of the Salvation. "Rainbird, now, was really poverty-stricken—but it isn't as bad as that with you.—Well, I'll put them in a good light and be glad to do it for you. No, there's no commission."

"Thank you fifty times, Jonathan Lucius!" said Kaye, and put out his hand. The small old man took it with a real pressure. "You know," he said, "I've got a notion that very few folk know the real tide! Too few anyhow not to honor one another's guesses and voyages of discovery."

When he left the shop he went on to the street end as he always did, for the pleasure of seeing the Winged Horse with its little yard of grass and pebbles and border shells and old, old bright flowers, and deep below it the salt, bright sea. Men were sitting smoking and talking in its porch; the landlord, and several who seemed old sea dogs from a brig in the harbor. Passing, he slowed step so as to catch their words. "Ships' names, now—even they come again in time. You

wouldn't think it, would you? But I vow that, two years ago come Michaelmas, in British waters, we hailed a *Goodly Token*. She rose out of the mist close to us, and she hailed back, and then the mist closed again and we parted eye-company. You'd never think that that could come again, being so old-time a name."

"Aye, aye! And there was the *Better-than-you-think*. You wouldn't suppose that could repeat! Found it all the same in Rio Harbor."

"Aye, aye! Sometimes it's the ship that seems to come again, but the name's different. I said once at Jaffa, 'That's the *Elijah* that we had a print of over the mantel of the house I was born in! Didn't I study it as a boy, and didn't it send me to sea?' But when I got closer, it was the *Sea-god*. Yet I had the old, creepy thrill and longing —"

"Life's more like music than anything else. You repeat, but it's different."

At the end of town Kaye, resting upon a rough stone wall, built long ago, looked down the headlong path to the narrow, pebbled beach and the boats clustered about the small pier, and to the sea that to-day kept intensely blue and still. He left the land and watched the sea, and larger than life, phantom-like, there loomed the *Goodly Token*, the *Better-than-you-think*, the *Elijah*, the ships that were the same and not the same, the same with other samenesses added, the

ships beginning to feel their whole sameness, their total life.

In twenty minutes he turned and came again to the other end of town. Here showed the white cottages in the sunny lane and the narrow road from it, running over the hill. He stood a moment, then turned into the lane. To-day no one sat in the one cottage door, or moved to and fro before the other cottage window. He went on into the narrow, grass-grown road. He had never been this way. He had held it somewhat from him, saying, "I will go on the best day, when the best day comes." He did not know that this was the best day — there was no reason to suppose that it was — but he took the road at last. It mounted slowly, with the sweep and beat of a bird's wing. This was a down that it was crossing, green and tawny, with few trees and those bent by the sea wind. So high and clear breathed the air, so high and clear and clean and vernal fresh! He looked to see the white Inca mare and a woman sitting easily and well, wearing an old-fashioned, country riding skirt, a jacket over some thin, blue stuff, and a wide straw hat with a wreath of blue flowers. But she did not come this way to-day, and now, as he walked, he saw her upon Goodly Token Beach, coming toward him, swift and straight, over the sand, wearing some kind of rough, dark dress with a white kerchief knotted about the neck and on her head

a cap.—A woman out of a former time.—But so was she that on the white, Inca mare; so was she that in a Sunday dress, in a dark old pew in a dim old church; so was she that, sitting relaxed and thoughtful, in the jewel light of a driftwood fire. A being out of a former time, and out of a future time, and all time. Time and space—out of time and space, beyond time and space. Beyond time and space and generation. And he too. That was where they were, their real being, standing among and in and out of and above all these happenings, these appearances and vanishings. Oh, incomplete wisdom, incomplete love, incomplete power!

He came to the top of the down and to a great sunken stone with mullein and bugloss about it. Here he sat down, and looked at the sea, and at Derwent, small and white behind him, and then to the other side of the down where it fell to a tree-filled hollow. Beyond that the earth rose again with steepness. Upon the brow almost of a cliff, with cedars about it, looking out to sea, he made out an old house.—Thorne House.—He saw now how it lay with relation to Goodly Token Beach. Over there would be the sunken road and the gate at the top of the bank. Thorne House. Thorne House with its voice in the storm. “All’s well! All’s well!”

The moments passed. He did not hear the horse coming from Derwent nor see him and his tall, red,

lean rider until both were close to the stone. "Good day, Mr. Kaye!" Then he started and turned his head. "Ah! — Good day, Doctor Andros!"

The one checked his horse and the other rose from amid the mullein and bugloss. "A good view from the top of this down," said the physician. "It breathes clear and sees far."

"I have not been here before," answered Kaye. "But I have a passion for Derwent."

"From Thorne House one sees both Derwent and Goodly Token Beach."

"Are you going there now?"

"Yes. I go twice a month to see Mrs. Thorne."

Kaye was walking beside him. "Isabel De Soria?"

"Yes. We're all kin more or less. Spain and Scotland. Spain and Northumberland and Devon. And there are other mixtures."

"Have you a roll of all who reached the island from the *Goodly Token*?"

"Oh, yes! Thornes, Carlises, Foxes, Oxenfords and Macdougalls and the others. All of them, men, women and children. The seamen, too, who were saved. The original list is in the courthouse at New Annan. You can see a copy at the reading room. Gentle and simple. Walter Andros the physician, Francis Bernier the minister, James Murray the school-teacher.—Murray left no descendants."

“Are there stories of them all — knowledge of what they were like?”

“Traditions, yes, and old scraps of writings, letters and what not. The chief source is the diary of Francis Bernier. No full picture of any, of course. Nothing really is known of the school-teacher except that in some way he was allied to Robert Thorne and that he fell into some trouble and left the island.”

They were now descending into the leafy hollow. Trees stood about them, and a small, swift stream ran across their way, down to the sea. There was a foot-bridge. Kaye crossed by this and Andros forded. The road began immediately to climb. “I will go to the brow of the hill,” said Kaye.

“You might go on to the house. The squire will welcome you. He asks nothing except that he shall not have to entertain you.”

“Recluse,” said Kaye. “It is in the blood. I will not go on to the house, but I should like to see it.”

They came among the cedars at the height. Now they saw the sea, the great blue curve of it around Derwent and Eldorado Old Light and Goodly Token Beach. Underfoot spread old, old greensward, and a few mighty trees whispered and stood silent and whispered again. The house was stone, quiet and grave, the old, old middle part and the more lately grown wings. It stood, not very large but large enough,

simple and venerable, with light and shadow chequering the ground about it. It faced only the greensward and the trees and the great view; behind it lay its garden and orchard, its billowy, tawny farm land, and the meadows where grazed the Inca horses. Thorne House, with the beam from the *Goodly Token* built in over the door.

“Will you come on with me?”

“No, not to-day.”

The physician rode to the house. Kaye, his back to the red trunk of a cedar, gazed upon it a little longer, then, turning, retraced his steps.

CHAPTER XV

THE road ran on from Derwent way and would meet, he perceived, the highway somewhere near the Church of the Salvation, though on the New Annan side. He remembered now how it came in, under a great oak. He pursued it, Thorne House and its hill and its view departing from him.

This way proved shadowy and sweet, running so far for a while and then coming out into sunniness between meadows and green hills. As he walked, he was looking at his life that was so inextricably interwound with others; interwound as the points of the ocean are interwound. Presently he was back among the Querists, back in the disputing and troubled world, in the sea of woes, low waves of which flowed also in this island. The Querists were down. Yet through all the world were Querists, Querists — a Querist in every man and woman! Question upon question.

He walked slowly through the fields and meadows. "This day, this place, having its place and time with a million, million others. . . . *For the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in spirit, looking to the manifestation of the sons of God.* Oh, fullness of consciousness and of memory! Oh, power of bringing and holding all together! When will you begin to

come — when, when? — though only like the faintest dawn! Here the faintest dawn, here night, and far more night than dawn, and nothing as it will be when the full sun rises. Yet it is dawn — yet it is dawn!”

A bird flew across his path, a cloud like a vast ship sailed overhead. He had come again to the stream. Here it lay in pools under willows, and here it flashed and sang, descending. A path seemed to keep beside it, and leaving the road he followed this. The land mounted, he was going toward the middle of the island, but by a way he had not taken. The stream, the willows, the green pastures, all were fair. The Inca horses — how admirable they were! grazing singly or in twos or threes, or lying, out of the sun, beneath goodly trees. He came to a mill and passed the time of day with the dusty miller standing in his door.

“From Rainbird’s?”

“Yes.”

“I have seen you in the Church of the Salvation. Well, how do you like Eldorado Island?”

“I like it very well.”

“You seem both to fit it and not to fit it,” said the miller. “But I suppose that is the way with most of us. We less than fit the mill where we get our feet set, or we more than fit it. We haven’t grown up to it, or we’ve outgrown it — though, of course, again, some

people are for a little while exactly in the middle.— Have you seen the newspapers?”

“ I saw one that the *Hero* brought day before yesterday.”

“ It looks like war again. Armageddon this time.”

When he left mill and miller the word yet ran with him. “ Armageddon — Armageddon — oîť prophesied and expected all of a lump! But it is with us all the time. Armageddon — Armageddon. The defeat and the triumph with us all the time.”

He was among hills. The stream had narrowed and ran very beautifully, a shining tendril among the slopes. The path now brought him into a pine wood. The water glanced and crooned; the wind and the pine tops whispered together, arrows and lances and scarves of sunshine broke the shadow. He thought that he heard voices. All suddenly, the path, turning sharply, brought him into a small amphitheater set with great trees, pine and beech, and curved about by high, fern-clad rock, and into the presence of a picnic, a minute country festival, a Watteau affair of something more than a score of young men and women, Carlises, Macdougalls, Foxes, Oxenfords, Berniers, De Sorias and others of the “ old people.” It seemed that it might be some one's birthday. A dark-eyed Oxenford wore a light crown of flowers and had the air of mistress of the feast.

Kaye stood for a moment, checked and startled, then with a smile and an inclination of the head made to pass the gathering. But Julia Carlisle, moving from a beech tree, barred his way. "Mr. Kaye, don't hurry by! Stop and meet us all and share the feast!"

She was young, but somewhat older than the women about her. Moreover, she had power over them, power in the island. The men, too, gave her her way; in effect she was empress. Only Alexander de Soria of the company said in a low voice, "Now, Julia, let him go! This isn't his galley."

"Yes, it is! It is his island as well as ours."

With one hand she repelled him, with the other beckoned imperiously to Kaye. The latter smiled but shook his head. "Thank you, I cannot!" All her willfulness or her will arose. "Ah, but you shall! — Lucilla, this is Mr. Kaye, the gentleman who is exiled to Eldorado. Mr. Kaye, Miss Lucilla Oxenford, whose birthday party it is!"

Lucilla was her friend, her obedient, worshipping friend. "How d'ye do, Mr. Kaye?" said the crowned one. "We are about to spread our feast. I hope you'll stay and be of our company."

Julia Carlisle was speaking again. "Miss Marian Macdougall, Miss Janetta Foxe, Miss Catherine Carlisle, Miss Isabel Bernier, Miss Maria De Soria — Mr. Kaye. Alexander De Soria you know; Mr. Mac-

dougall, Mr. Foxe, Mr. John Carlisle, Mr. Francis Carlisle, Mr. Bernier, Mr. Oxenford —”

Several of the men were her cousins; one or two — not counting De Soria — more or less convinced that they were in love with her. The young women displayed at times rebellion, but on the whole she ruled them. And all or most were in the high, fantastic spirits that birthday fêtes in this amphitheater demanded. The slightly wild, the whimsically unconventional, the moderately outré, in a sylvan garland and playing Pan’s pipes, stepped in with their mood. Had old Rainbird who, they said, in his lifetime forever wandered the island, had Rainbird himself risen suddenly among them, between the rock and the stream, they might, in this strong September day, in this somewhat wild mood of the forest and holiday, have accepted and played with the old conspirator. If he would have played!

This present conspirator, or held to be conspirator and punished as such, presented certainly a more attractive figure than could have been Rainbird’s; so much younger too, and not returned from the dead, or only returned as all men and women may perhaps return. It was a pleasantly daring thing, thought the young women, to take him in and play with him, and they loved daring when it was pleasant. The young men, likewise, found themselves willing. There was curi-

osity through the island about this man, and here he stood to speak for himself. And to-day the Dictator and his dooms seemed no more than any other man. And that despite the distant, martial music that the latest newspapers seemed to enfold. To-day there was fabulous wine and broad wings and everlasting Pan. As for Julia Carlisle, she seemed suddenly to have changed into a queen, a goddess.

Take, take, take! Take pleasure and freedom. Sylvan pleasure, sylvan freedom—every whit of it harmless enough! The temptation played about Kaye like fireflies and summer-evening lightning. But he stiffened out of the water and the dream. He was older than this throng, older than De Soria, older than the empress Julia. He spoke to the birthday maiden. "Thank you, Miss Oxenford, very heartily, but I cannot stay. I wish you birthdays each happier than the last.—Good day and a happy time to all!"

Julia Carlisle stood in his path. Again she was wearing that filmy, pale purple that she affected. Her wide hat was thrown aside. Masses of golden hair, piled high, needed no tiara other than their own wonder. Her dark eyes had darkened. Will sat at the two windows, will and no little mind. "Oh, but you are to stay!" she stated in her low, dulcet voice. "Oh, but you are to stay."

"No, I will not," he answered, and made to pass

her, though with courtesy, but she stretched her arms so that he might not. De Soria, behind her, said, "He has resolution of his own, Julia."

"Will you tell me, Alexander De Soria, why there should be any quarrel between our resolutions?"

She spoke in a thrilling and angered voice, turning impetuously again to Kaye. "Unless you are barbarian, and naught but barbarian —"

The birthday princess, becoming strongly aware that her friend had set her imperious and passionate heart upon victory, began again to second her. A forward, madcap Bernier likewise entered the lists with, "Make a chain around him! So, Lucilla! Now go, sir, if you can!"

The young men, taking fire, began their own insistence. They, with the rest of Eldorado Island, had their curiosity about this exile. What with official information, queries of sorts, reference to old newspapers, questions put and answered in mainland letters, gleanings from the Manoa Line, surmise and suggestion, accurate information and pure fancy and guessing, they knew or thought they knew many things of their enforced guest. Daring — he had manifested daring, even though it was political daring which had not, at this time, appeal for them. But daring was daring, wherever it trod! Yesterday had found them at the signpost, *Hands off and arm's length for the Rainbirds*

and Kayes of the world and this island. To-morrow they would — the most of them — be there again. But to-day had descended or ascended this spirit of wide-ness and wildness, in this amphitheater, under this high, exhilarating sky. Such moments dropped at times upon Eldorado Island, strays from a weather above or within the weather that was customarily known. So they too set up an exclamation, "Sit down with us!"

Alexander De Soria spoke. "Give them their desire since you cannot help it. As for witches — they burned one once on this island!"

Kaye took his seat in the ring that was made. He was between the queen of the feast and the madcap Bernier, but over against him sat Julia Carlisle. Two colored boys spread a cloth and placed the viands. The company ate, and drank island-made wine. There rose a general chatter and lilt as of birds an hour after dawn. Kaye was not morose, he answered his neighbors as answers were demanded. But what the chatter and lilt were about nor he nor they, perhaps, could have said a little afterwards. Once he saw them all as birds, and then again as fauns and nymphs. Only Julia Carlisle refused reduction. What was she — where did she come in? Roman, maybe, as her name — but "Carlisle" was Celtic. Roman, sensuous, imperious, knowing sorcery, and tragic. Alexander De Soria also refused reduction.

Kaye found himself possessed by a sense of vast antiquity, *Where have I been over the face of the earth and through the deeps of time?* There was no detail, only the sense of infinite movement and varying light. He sat absorbed, then by degrees narrowed and approached the here and now, with a rise of pictures into consciousness. He felt the dim glow of festivities in a thousand garbs and times and places. Out of this rose sharp, colored facets — pictures of feasts and holidays in this life that now he was pacing. One with Caxton and Adler and Venn; one near Chartres with an architect his friend, and a painter, a traveler, and their wives; one, a strange one, when the war was done; one in Italy with a woman, a great actress; one with a dozen boys and girls, on his own birthday, by the old stream at home, when he was twelve; one at Christmas, in prison. But behind all this that he knew as memory that other, that generalness. I have been — I have been — though I do not know how I have been. I am — I am — though I do not know how I am. And now he was listening with a half smile on his lips to the trilling and roulading, thrush and robin and mocking bird, around him. Of what did they talk, young people down the ages, in amphitheaters such as this? A little more, a little less, a little wider wing and bolder song, or less wide and less bold, a little subtler, stronger touch from the gods or a little stronger tug from the

Titans; place-names, time-names, suffering alteration, other things, too, altering, but slowly, slowly — How greatly they were the same!

The feast was over, the cloth was drawn, yet still they sat in a ring. By now he had managed silence for himself. Alexander De Soria, a great pine tree behind him, made likewise no farther contribution, and Julia Carlisle seemed to withdraw into herself. But now, under cover of a burst of bird music, she spoke directly across to him. “Are you in a theater or at a country fair? — Are there not roads opening to your will?”

He answered, “What is my will?”

“To be happy, I suppose.— Why should I have to tell you? You must know it yourself. I do not know it. But are wills so different? The same smith forges them.”

“Yes, the same.”

“Well, then —” Her voice, level, low, directed evenly at him across the small strip of sward, came to him out of some past that he could not discern yet knew to exist.

Alexander De Soria spoke from the pine tree. “Lucilla, stop minueting with Walter Foxe and ask Mr. Kaye to tell us how he built the Bridge Tower. I mean what he had in his mind or his soul or his recollection or his prevision — whatever you may call it. I like prevision, myself.”

Lucilla, although she had given him up to her friend, always harkened to Alexander De Soria. She promptly turned. "Mr. Kaye, tell us how you built the Bridge Tower!"

"I built it," said Kaye, "out of the past into the future."

As he spoke, with some suddenness the lilt and chatter sank away. Before it could renew itself, from out the quiet, came the voice of John Bernier, who was the nearest to Alexander De Soria in years and in knowledge of other events than the tangible ones of Eldorado.

"What do you think of our island?"

"It is beautiful."

"You don't mind living and dying here?"

"Why, you see I am not entirely here."

"Oh, you mean books, imagination and memory —"

"I mean reality."

Alexander De Soria spoke from the pine tree. "You mean that poetry is a log book, and poets sooth-sayers?"

"Yes, I mean that and more."

"And more?"

"Aye, and more."

"If you are elsewhere as well as here, then so are we."

"Yes, but you may be asleep to the fact."

He rose from the tree under which he had been seated. "Now I am going, for my dog at home is unfed.—There is magic in this island, as of course you know. Or maybe you don't know that, but there is. Water flowing, wind blowing, earth thrilling, fire spinning, in this place and on this day. But—I am going to step across the circle, here and now. Good-by, and give you thanks!"

This time they let him go. With the drawing on of afternoon the wild spirit with which they had begun the day was taking its flight. A country feast, an island feast, but hardly any longer fauns and nymphs, nor again a Renaissance group nor a Watteau one; nor a pulsation, a strain, a blend of a thousand thousand gatherings in varying lands and times. All was suffering reduction to Eldorado Island and a September day in such a year. This was Rainbird's successor. Certainly they had made him stay; it could not be said to be his fault. If it was any one's fault, it belonged to Julia Carlisle, who would always bring in a novel music if she could. Well, she was capable of carrying it off! She was carrying it off now, leaving the ring and moving with this exile under the beech trees, making further conversation. Alexander De Soria would help her out—he always did. So he, too, leaving his pine tree, stepped that way. But the exile did not choose, it seemed, to delay with any, not even with

Julia Carlisle, nor longer to keep the company from breaking into pairs and going wandering in and out of the amphitheater. He was gone as he had come, suddenly out of the ring as he had suddenly entered it.

CHAPTER XVI

TWO or three days after this he went to New An-nan and to the small library and reading room, where he asked the librarian, a quaint woman creature, if he might see a copy of the list of those shipwrecked upon the *Goodly Token*. She brought it forth for him, and he read it at a table in a recess of the room, before a window giving upon the sea. In the early hour at which he came the room had no other occupants than himself and the wren-like being its guardian. The place was all sunny, still, hushed, orderly, and full of meaning. The exile and the librarian exchanged a smile; he had been here several times and she had taken a liking to him. He said, "Somewhere or other William Sharp gives a Gaelic saying, 'It's such a comfort to have every thing in its place, as the wren said when she counted the stars.'"

"That's a good one!" answered the librarian. "Did you never lie awake at night, sir, just thinking how queer and sweet it is that everything's always here?"

"Yes, I have, and I do it more now than I used to."

He took the list from her and she went back to the smallest desk that ever was, set in an alcove. This

book and reading room occupied the upper floor of a strangely shaped small building built long ago, with juts and salients as for defense. In his own recess he bent over the engraved copy of the list made for preservation by that Robert Thorne whose spirit still so closely held this island.

Above a hundred names — men, women and children — and under each name a brief statement. He read of the Thornes, Carlises, Macdougalls, Foxes, Oxenfords and others, where they were born and what had been their status in the land they were not to see again. All the names were here, a string of them beside their leaders. The mariners as well, who had been saved from the sea. This list had been made from an earlier, simpler one; so indeed it was stated. Made fifteen years after the wreck, and recording marriages, births and deaths since that day. Likewise the incoming of a few upon a ship or ships more fortunate.

He studied again the names of the wrecked and the scant description placed under each. More men than women, as was to be expected. Twenty children or thereabouts. He saw these children suddenly very clearly, with a full sense of the memories they would be having of the country they had left, the voyage from the Solway, the long voyage with so many and such incidents, the tempest and driving of the ship and its shattering crash against the reef of Eldorado Island,

death rising against them, and then the angel drawing them from the sea, out upon Goodly Token Beach. He had familiarity with how they felt, how they talked about it, the children of the adventure, returning incessantly to it in their work and play, reverting to it in their houses about winter fires, in their schoolroom. Aye, twenty children, big and little, who must be taught, who must not grow up, at any world's end, ignorant and barbarian.

The women: mothers and sisters of the children. He read the names. Marys, Margarets, Elizabeths, Marian, Lettice, Damaris, Catherine, Anne, Lucilla.—The Isabels and Marias had come in later with the De Sorias.—All these were Oxenfords, Macdougalls, Foxes, Andros, Berniers and others. Carlisle. Anna Carlisle. Julietta Carlisle.

A picture came before him. He rested his brow upon his closed hands. "Whence do these things come if they come not out of life?" He sighed, for there was pain there, wherever "there" was. So he stayed for a few moments, then addressed himself again to the list. Judith Thorne, wife of Robert Thorne. Mary, daughter of Robert Thorne. Judith, daughter of Robert Thorne. Naomi Thorne, cousin of Robert Thorne.

Naomi Thorne. The sun came quietly and deeply through the window. It fell upon his hands lying

clasped upon the list; it made a brightness of the table and the floor. A pool of fine gold, and what was light, and what at last might it not enlighten, growing intenser always, always more penetrative, coming at last to be inner light, mind light, memory light, for ever and ever more subtle, for ever and ever more powerful? He looked at his hands. The light fell upon them so strongly that he seemed to see all that they had ever done, through a great stretch of time. *Lay them down and take them again.— Lay them down and take them again.* How quiet was this place beside the sea, whose murmur he could just catch! The tiny librarian was humming to herself. It seemed to him an old tune. All things were old and all pristine.

Naomi Thorne. Three hundred years ago, and that was not the beginning. No, that was not the beginning! He returned to the names of the men. James Murray, schoolmaster. Born at such a place and such a time; therefore in his thirtieth year when the great sea threw the *Goodly Token* upon Eldorado Island. Underneath this name ran a strange saying: *Who went away in twelve years' time, shadows gathering around him. But Robert Thorne esteemed him, and esteems him.* That was all, nothing more. And had it relation or had it not?

He sat on for a little while in the recess, in the sunlight and the murmur of the sea, no longer studying

the paper before him but from some far inner background or highland striving to see his existence as he had thrown it forward and prolonged it. There came to him from somewhere a saying once noted. "Progress occurs through the filling in of nature."

The gaps, the unobserved leagues, the obstructed and the unregistered, the stretches of darkness, the expanses so faintly illuminated, the missing numbers, the acting, feeling, thinking, without knowing why, the "why" lying in that very un-filled-in; the ache, the pain of it; the endless quest for fullness. He sat with fixed gaze. "O Plato, thy Reminiscence! and when it begins it must of necessity begin in forms that it will outwear —"

The sun shone so stealthily, so subtly, touching everywhere the recess in which he sat, but touching with no such power as might be. The place rested quiet, vacant, with knowledge over the mountains. "*Beautiful are the feet of him upon the hills!*" He heard the murmur of the sea, for the tide was coming in strongly against Spanish Cliff and the sea wall, but it was but a resemblance and an outer tinkling to a vaster sea. Quiet — quiet — quiet, and then voices, and two or three citizens of New Annan entering the room. He rose, stood a moment looking out of window, then moving to the librarian's desk, restored the roll. "Thank you!"

"Thank *you!*" she answered with her wren-like precision and finish and quickness. "Come again! You seem to me to belong here, Mr. Kaye."

Autumn was arrived in this part of the world. The road to Rainbird's showed turning trees, boughs of gold and crimson neighboring upon the same tree boughs that yet were green. Kaye walked quickly with a light, decided step. It was very high and beautiful, this day, so light and fine that one had the feeling, not of leaving the earth, but of the earth itself risen with all its detail into an upper, richer, lovelier, happier story of itself; of all its ancient, lower storys breaking and melting and passing into this. Kaye walked of a piece with it. "Wonder — and wonder — and wonder," said Kaye. "Endless experience — endless wonder —"

When he turned from the highroad into the lonely, narrow, grassy bit of road, deeply shadowed, leading to Rainbird's, it too seemed to him different, lighter, out of a fairy tale. It was short to Rainbird's. When he came in sight of it, it seemed to him lighter, brighter, gilded and singing. For a moment or two he felt Rainbird moving beside him. He laughed, putting out his hand. "You also, wherever you are in reality, have less bitterness in you when you look this way, bitterness and loneliness and vine-like affection! You too make me feel that you are coming happier. You are

lighter in the feet, and your old shoulders and head are not so bowed!"

Now Rainbird was gone, but he could have sworn with a kind of smile. He himself walked on, not with the determined lightness and quickness which for three years he had practiced, but with an actual feeling of Hermes' sandals and rod and cap.

When he had passed the cedars, home spread before him. Bran was barking, Bran barked an excited welcome and tumbled to meet him. Gabriel crowed, crowed vociferously. As he approached the door, around the corner of the house, past the beehive, a bucket in his hand, came Jim.

"Why, Jim!"

Jim grinned. "Yaas, Mr. Dick, I'm back."

"Well, God knows I'm glad to see you!" cried Kaye, and shook hands. "Do you mean you'll stay?"

"That's my meaning," Jim answered, and set down the bucket. "I've been considering, Mr. Dick, ever since I quit, and first one thing and then another has just been a-parading around with me like the musicians when they celebrate everybody's coming to Eldorado. I'll lay it off for you —"

"Do," said Kaye and sat upon the upturned bucket, under the cherry tree.

Jim used a great thumb and four fingers. "First, when Lovejoy and Daniel quit, it came to me, 'That's

the first time you were ever in their boat! All of you quitters!’ That’s one. But Lawd! Even before that I’d been finding out for myself that I had to think of old Rainbird just as much away from here as here. Don’t seem to be any here or there, when you’ve got a thing on your mind. I come to think his being around at times ain’t so bad as folks paint it to be, anyhow! Perhaps it ain’t so unnatural, either. That’s two. Then there’s Amanda Thwaite, and when she keeps after a man, or a woman either for that matter, it’s like all the burrs that ever grew! Three. And then I had a dream, or I think it was a dream. My mammy and I were sitting there just as big as life and twice as natural in Derwent graveyard that was right alongside our cabin. Just like we used to do after work was done, when there was only a streak in the west and the fireflies were beginning, and she was saying, just as like herself as could be, ‘Jim, I never seen a *person* that could be buried. My land, no! No matter how low-down! It ain’t that kind of thing you can *bury*.’ Mr. Dick, I woke all up, and I saw that living folk *live*, and that is all there is about it! If at different times folks have different fashions of living, still it’s living. And so I put my foot out of my bed, and I says, ‘Jim, you’re a d— fool to be afraid of that old man. If he’s anything he’s just plain interesting, and Mr. Dick Kaye’s got sense enough to know it—he

and your mammy.' So I put my other foot out, and I thought, 'There's a better man than you living at Rain-bird's now, and you've always been wanting to live with better men. You're going back there, and it ain't altogether Amanda Thwaite either!'"

He had used up fingers and thumb, and now he stood with a broad grin, a big, manly, strong, brown fellow. Kaye got up from the bucket, put his hands on his shoulders and shook him affectionately. "Come along and see how I've let the grass grow and the weeds take the place and how little there is in the larder! Bran and Gabriel seem rather glad too!"

That very afternoon came Robert Thorne, the squire. Jim's scythe swished happily through the grass. Kaye, seated upon the wide doorstep, thoughtfully and cheerfully watched him. The squire was at the gate before they saw or heard him. Bran, who was growing dog out of puppy, rushed forth.

"Here, Bran! Here, Bran!"

Kaye went to meet the visitor. "Won't you get down, sir?"

"Yes, for a little; thank you, Mr. Kaye."

He got down from the old, still beautiful, Inca horse he was riding, and fastened it to an ash without the gate, after which he and Kaye went to the house. "I'll set a chair for you here. Or would you prefer to go indoors?"

The squire hesitated, then, "I'd like to see what you have made of the house. Afterwards we might come out here."

Kaye took him over Rainbird's. He was pleased. "You don't bend too low before misfortune. It's a great thing to be able to say, 'See what I can do with you, my dark queen!' I never could. I was born under Pisces, with my ruler afflicted and Saturn in every council."

He stopped before the mantelshelf and the Hermes. "Mind, mind! But there must be will to back it. I never had the will. It's strange in one of my line. Rob and I. And even Rob, I think, has more will than I at times. It's bad to rest and rest and rest a dreamer. One ought to dream and do. I know it. Dream and make your dreams come true. But then, of course, you must be careful about your dreaming. But there's such a thing as being over-fearful, too canny in one's dreaming, not daring enough. And that is I, for all that I have the name and the house of a great man." He pondered the figure of the god for a moment, then turned and looked about the room. "It is a different place.—I have not been here since the day Carlisle and that officer and I deposited you. I've hardly seen you to speak to you. Just once, coming out of the Church of the Salvation."

"I am glad," said Kaye, "that you are here now."

And I shall see you to-morrow, besides. Court day in New Annan, and justices sitting, and I present myself in order that formal cognizance may be taken of my continuing presence upon Eldorado Island. It's in the bond."

"Yes," answered the squire, still gazing about him with his far-away, melancholy eyes. "But you need not come to-morrow to the courthouse. Carlisle and I were talking about it and we agreed that it was an unnecessary annoyance, and that one of us might as well come by and take note here of your presence and well-being and good behavior and so forth, and report accordingly to-morrow. Or I may have suggested it to Carlisle. If you are at all like me, a crowd and publicity are somewhat shocking to you."

"I have had occasion to get used to them. Also I've had to learn not to stay too long with 'Do I like — do I not like?' But for all that, I assuredly like this much better, and it was more than kind of you, sir."

"I thought," said the squire conscientiously, "that Carlisle would ride by. But he slightly lamed himself yesterday — he is a heavy man —, and sent me word that it must be me."

"I make report of myself," said Kaye, "that I am yet upon Eldorado Island — that my health is good — and that I have adhered to the terms of my exile."

"Have you any complaint to make?"

"None at all."

"Have you any requests?"

"None that the court can fulfill."

"Then that is done," said the squire, moving to the shelf of books. "What have you here?"

Presently they quitted the house. Kaye had fixed a bench beside the door, and here they sat while the grass fell under Jim's scythe, and an autumn wind moved a yellow bough and a red bough like banners before them. The squire nursed his knee; he was slight, pale and stooped, and at first acquaintance seemed lifeless. Upon farther knowledge one came to conclude that there was life, only that it ran in deep caverns, or flew, perhaps, in some bird land of its own, away from surfaces. Now he said, with what was for him abruptness, "The political movements of the world have no great interest for me. *Up and down, to and fro; up and down, to and fro.* The ancient waves and their monotonous song."

"Yes," answered Kaye. "They are ancient. All that we do is ancient. Or it is ancient before it comes to our consciousness. The new is that of which we have not consciousness — not yet. Political movements? They are pretty deep and universal, aren't they, sir?"

"Yes, of course," said the other dreamily. "I meant that the fact of your exile only weighs with me

as far as it must and no further. Personally, I do not care if you are a political exile — under political displeasure that is — or not. The first Robert Thorne here was a man much under political and ecclesiastical displeasure. Many who came by the *Goodly Token* were the same.”

“Was James Murray, the schoolmaster, so?”

“Very little is known about Murray. There is only the writing by Robert Thorne under his name, and a vague tradition or so. But it’s probable enough.”

His pale blue eyes marked the flight of a sea bird, high up. “What I mean is that in the pattern in which we are at present moving, my position is so and so to your position. But there is a wideness within where men are spirits. In that wideness your presence here in Rainbird’s house and mine in Thorne House are but momentary iridescences of scale or feather. The bird flies on, the feather alters.”

“I understand,” said Kaye. “In the wideness then, let us be at home together. I wish it mightily. I wish to feel at one with this island, and, in the midmost of it, at one with Thorne House.”

“I learn from Rob, my son,” said the squire, “that he has taken you into the *Davy Wing*. That’s Rob’s accolade and Table Round.—Such things are intuitive.”

“Yes, intuitive.”

“Naomi says, ‘There’s a man of our kindred, Father, at Rainbird’s.’ I have found that she usually knows.”

After a moment of silence Kaye spoke. “The name of my country, nowadays, is Wonder. All my life seems alike to be breaking up and filling in. I do not know if things that I divine are literally true or no. Quite probably they are not. Quite probably the way of it differs from anything this brain, these nerves, this consciousness, can master. But however that may be, I have embarked upon Recognition.—I am leaving a plain and beginning to climb a mountain, and as I go I say, ‘Lo, it is so and so that things fall in!’ But a little higher and the way they fall in alters again. What does not alter is the fact that there is relation and that it is profound. How profound I guess that I do not guess. How far-traveling it is, and how near-staying. I come to feel that at last, with a great simplicity and naturalness, there will open everlasting and boundless life.”

“Yes, maybe. But we are a race of tortoises,” said the other dreamily. “The path goes round and round in so slight a spiral that it seems a circle. Or I find it so. But relation, now, can’t be doubted. As soon as the mind flies at all it sees that.”

“It sees Christ on the way to God,” said Kaye. “But at last will come God — God.”

"Yes, maybe. But we are a race of tortoises. Æons are æons."

"Yes, they are."

"Any time you will," said the squire, "let Rob bring you to Thorne House," and rose to depart.

CHAPTER XVII

THE sands over which Kaye came to the sea lay a couple of miles from Rainbird's, in the direction of Spanish Cliff. He had found the small strip below the strangely fretted and colored guardian line of Eldorado Island, between broken pillars of rock like fragments of some old, gigantic temple. Small and white and lonely, it sloped outward with leisure; no one seemed to come this way; he appropriated it for a bathing place.

Reaching it now in the autumn afternoon, he stripped and plunged into the blue water, still sun-warmed, coming in over the broken terrain around Eldorado Island in low, melodious combers. He swam beyond the surf, then turned upon his back and side and, floating, looked back at the island that only thus far might he leave. The sun that was yet high whitened the cliffs. Lying so, they looked broken silver, they looked pale flame, they looked Loki fire surrounding the Valkyrie who must sleep until that Awakener came. They looked insubstantial. The blue above them and him was very vast. Something came to him. Open — open on all sides, if and when you are fine enough to go through. Large enough to include — fine enough to go through.

White birds flew overhead, calling one to another. He watched them and again the cliffs above which they disappeared. Eldorado Island, and the world around and through it. Life around and through it — past, present and future around and through it. When one grew conscious of difference within, then the environment began to differ. Outer and inner are growing together. He was speaking to himself. “From here Spanish Cliff shows like lace — and the Bridge Tower and the Folk Hall like lace, and the Four Prison like dark lace. But I, who think these things and feel and do these things, I am not lace. I am I. When I know that very fully, I shall not think, feel and do in this order. *“When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.”*

He lay at peace, rocked by the waves. “What is true of me is true of all others. One is at the dawn, one is in the hour before it, one is at midnight — that is all. Ahead of us are those in full day.”

He turned and swam. The combers rose and pushed in, one after the other, upon the land. Here the foam was milk white, here colored by the light. They had the voice of an infinite multitude speaking together.

The air breathed high and strong and bright, with tang of salt and taste too of the land. The cliffs reflected light. No man might tell the depth of the azure, or the power of the sun, leashed though it was this autumn day. He swam and floated and swam again, then came out upon the white sand, walked and ran until his body was dried, put on his clothes and went up by a crevice among the cliffs to autumn trees and the road home. The sun was burning two hours high, the tinted masses of the trees swayed lightly, one with another, like minuet dancers. All was most beautiful, and he felt it so, fresh from the sea. From a hilltop he saw Spanish Cliff and Eldorado Light and New Annan. The wharf ran out into blue water, a few boats rode at anchor. Looking the other way, he saw hill and vale, woods and meadows where grazed Inca horses. He made out Apple Tree Hill and the Church of the Salvation. Between here and there, among their trees and gardens and their wide acreage, lay more than two or three of the houses of the "old people" of Eldorado. He saw at some distance Pleasant Hill, and much nearer him Ford Place that belonged to the Oxenfords. Descending the hill, and presently passing the quaint wooden gates of this estate, he came upon a fair stretch of road, lined with colored trees and quite solitary save for a wagon piled with hay and the figure of a woman walking toward Pleasant Hill. The wagon hiding the

walker, he was almost upon her before he saw that it was Julia Carlisle. The wagon lumbered by, went on and left them under a bronze sycamore.

“Good day!”

“Good day, Mr. Kaye. Have you been to the sea?”

“Yes, under the cliffs over yonder.”

“I’ve been spending the day with Lucilla Oxenford. Now I’m going home. Will you walk with me?”

“Yes, of course.”

Pleasant Hill lay less than a mile before them. They walked, and he talked of the beauty of the island and how in his boyhood he had read of it, and then thought he had forgotten, and now so strangely lived in Eldorado. She answered in monosyllables, then demanded, “Are you unhappy here?”

“No,” he answered. “There are unhappy things, compassions and remorse and yearnings, in my consciousness, but I am not unhappy.”

He talked of the world away from Eldorado, and had she traveled, and where? She said that she had been from the island five times. She had been to school upon the mainland, and afterwards, much later, had spent there a year. And she had been across the sea, in France and Italy. Hardly any, indeed, upon the island had traveled so much. With that she fell silent again. He spoke of the on-coming winter. Were winters ever

severe? She answered, no, occasionally there fell a light snow, but it never lasted, and there was much sunshine. Of course, the wind might blow, and they had now and then a great storm when the waves pounded the cliffs and tried to put out Eldorado Light and Old Light. Sometimes there were ships in danger, ships driven out of their course, towards these reefs. But that was not every winter. Sometimes the island was wrapped in fog, but neither did that last. Spring broke early. "But you will know all weathers. You will stay out all weathers."

"Yes."

"You are used now to Rainbird's?"

"Yes."

He began to speak of Jim, of the cow Pansy, the cock Gabriel, the dog Bran, and the bees. The road now was skirting a hill. She said suddenly, "There's quite a wonderful view from the top, and here's the path. It's just a step. I have not been there this long time. Come! Let us look at it together."

He did not wish to leave the road, but it seemed to him that he could not refuse. The appearance indeed was of the slightest divergence and delay, for the hill went up straight from it, and three minutes of the foot-path set them upon the crest and gave the view of rolling autumn island and deep blue sea. But the hilltop proved a sloping plateau; she moved before him toward

the sun, an hour high, and the action, upon the tilted land, put them in thirty paces out of observation from the road. Here were a bright coppice, and underfoot mossy grass, and around a solitude. She stood still. "Here's just the sky and truth.—Why do you avoid me so?"

"I must avoid great breadths of old life," he said. "Come! We have seen the view. Let us go back to the road."

Her bosom rose and fell. "You speak with authority, but I am going to exercise the authority for a little while. Here is stillness and aloneness, and what they call shamefastness seems sometimes to me a shameful thing! I think I have shown you what I feel, and I do not care if I have. I think you must have known it from that first day when they brought you a captive to this island and to Pleasant Hill. We had been talking of you and talking of you, my mother and I. But I thought you would be another man—I did not know it was *you*. I thought you would be like Rainbird when they tied him, too, to this island. I came into the parlor, and the roses smelled in the window, and the harp sounded. I had had a kind of despair, with walls around me—and there stood life again and you in your brown clothes. Don't put me back in prison—but you cannot—you cannot do it! Here we are—here we are both in Eldorado! I love you, and if I

have not loved you always, then there is nothing in the word 'always'. I will not believe that you do not love me."

With that she sat down upon the earth. He stood before her. "God knows what I am to say to you, Julia Carlisle! I could say to you that I love you — yes, I can say that, and it is true. But it is not that thing which you are demanding. It is something beyond that thing, and you will not have it, and you call it mockery. It is not so, and you will know it one day. They seem so old and old again, this hilltop and this hour. They may have been, and we with them, in many a land and many a time. And they come again. But there's another hilltop, and you will come to stand there, with a lighter and a wider heart. Now you've the shell of a far past at your ear and the wine of a far past at your lip. But it will not be always so — no, it will not!"

"I do not care for these riddles," she said. "Oh, take me in your arms and say, 'We love! We have loved in the past and we love to-day!'"

"No, we do not," he answered. "Not even you." Coming to her, he took her hands and lifted her. "Stand up, my friend. Now let me tell you. This will die from you — you will live out of it and beyond it; yes, around and through it, until the wraith itself vanishes. It will not vanish into nothingness; no, but

into something larger and happier. It is there now. It has been there all the time, but you keep shutting the windows and the doors."

She laughed scornfully. "When did you grow so wise? I will kill myself. I think I have done it before and because of you!"

"If you have, you will not do it again. You have grown beyond that. Even this passion, as you think it, is an echo, a shadow. You do not love me though you think you do."

"Look out that I do not hate you! I may have done that before now, too!"

"Yes, you may. But it will not last. I tell you that at last there shall come understanding."

"And where will that lead?"

"It will lead to love again, but not that love."

She twisted a purple ribbon in her hand. "You care nothing that there is Alexander De Soria?"

"Nothing."

"Oh, you have never been for me! And now I hate you. I will do you ill if I can! Once I harmed you, and I will harm you again!"

"That also is echo and shadow. You have passed that too."

She turned from him with a low cry and ran across the little plateau to the beginning of the path. He came beside her and they descended to the road. It lay

brown and quiet, with a few red and gold leaves in the air above it like butterflies. They walked toward Pleasant Hill. Another wagon caught them up and passed them, a horseman went by, a man and woman walking. When the way lay bare again, she broke the silence. "Do you believe that we were elsewhere together — long, long, long ago?"

"I do not know."

"Yes, we were. I know it. Here, perhaps, and before that elsewhere, elsewhere! I have strange fancies at times. Will you tell me why I should not kill myself? I've half planned to do it six times in the past six years."

"You will not do it. You have gone by."

"Gone by what? Lust and error and rage and despair?"

"Gone by where they ruin lives. Gone by the worst of them. Come out of the quicksand though the ground yet trembles. Ahead it is firmer."

"Oh, you trusted and preached even then!"

"I know the quicksand," he said. "I have been there. And I know there is firmer ground."

"Stones for bread — you always gave stones for bread."

He laughed, walking beside her. "That is as you look at it, Julia Carlisle."

They came to the gate of Pleasant Hill. Gold trees

and sunset light, and the blackbirds chattering in the trees. "Will you come up to the house? Come, will you not?"

"No."

She stood still. "I feel no shame at all. And I do not let you go, you know. And I may do you some deadly harm."

"The 'you' that I care for will not."

"There is a 'you' that you care for?"

"Yes. I wish that you would take care of it and let it grow up."

"Oh, you are whimsical!"

"Try it yourself. Laugh, and grow wise — and generous."

"Oh, you give such large advice!"

"Yes, I do. I do not always take it myself," said Kaye soberly. "But let us both do so now, Julia Carlisle. And let's put aside scorn. We must put it aside, putting aside ignorance."

She looked at him. "The wheel — it's a wheel. I see it. And now you and I are brought together. But you seem to me to be in the air above the wheel."

"Am I?" he said. "I do not know. But I wish you would make a motion from the wheel. There, in that direction, is something happier than you have known."

She put her hands across her eyes, and still holding

them so, turned and went in at the gate. The great trees, the flaming bushes, drooped about her: she was hidden. Kaye stood in the road while the birds circled thrice about the place, then traveled on to Rainbird's house.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE next day he walked to the basket maker's. The elderly man, tall and strong and gray-bearded, was coming up the path with an armful of osiers. "Well met!" he said. "I have been expecting you. Let me put these down."

They sat upon the bench without the cottage. The cliffs were behind them, and before and below them Goodly Token Beach and a deep blue sea, and the whole washed by October air, October sun, October stillness. Bran had come with Kaye. He lay, so very young and tired with his excursion, upon the short, warm turf and liked the world he was strolling through. They could see Derwent and Eldorado Old Light. "What have you been doing?" asked William Michael.

"I do not think that I can answer. Inner doing, and it is hard to define. I want to ask questions."

"Ask them. If I can answer them, or set you upon answering them, I will."

"Do you think there is a time before every man and woman when they pass into wider being?"

"I do."

"It is real, not imaginary?"

"Quite real."

"For a long while they are babes there, naturally?"

"Yes. Little children."

"Man and woman, they go on together, yet not on the old terms?"

"No. On new terms. The old sinks away, the new arises. It is not less. Gold will be given for silver. They are closer together."

"At last the lower life passes away?"

"Yes, passes away. It was all a consciousness."

"And the children — the generations?"

"Fuller life will take care of fuller life. Again it is a consciousness."

"Only a few perceive this and act upon it? Only a few at a time?"

"Only a few at a time. They never return and the others go on to them. In the meantime, the others act in their present consciousness, and that is right."

They looked out upon the sea, the lighthouse, the still, intense and contemplative day. There were the dunes and there, bare and white, Goodly Token Beach. The basket maker leaned upon a stick set before him, between his feet. It seemed a palmer's staff. He clasped his hands upon it and set his chin upon his hands. His eyes, very blue and piercing, turned upon the younger man beside him, then again sought the sea. Kaye said, "I have other questions to ask.— At last do you think we begin to recognize our string life through all the bead life?"

"I do. I know it."

"All the beads go, as it were, into the string?"

"Yes. Essence."

"The string becomes conscious as the lasting life?"

"Yes. You can put it so. All figures are but figures."

"On the threshold of realization, all manner of phenomena of memory and partial realization take place?"

"All manner. The threshold may be long in crossing."

"I see," said Kaye. "I am a small child just at the threshold."

"I am only a little older," said the other. "Each step brings things crowding. They melt into one another, and there is a moment of simplicity, after which another host appears, in its turn to be resolved."

"Circles around circles."

"Yes. Spreading light and spreading love and the beginning of power."

He stood up, his staff in his hand. "I have nothing further to say to-day. Come whenever you will, whenever two seamen are better than one. I am going now after more willows. That's going to be a noble dog. Look at him now —"

Kaye went home by the Church of the Salvation. It stood gray and purple in the purple air, so small and so significant. There were birds in the trees and

shadows on the grass and a smell of old, sun-drenched cedars, and loneliness. He felt an unearthly quiet as he opened the gate and passed through and came to the grave of Robert Thorne. I BELIEVE IN THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY AND THE LIFE EVERLASTING.

Kaye sat down amid the dark green myrtle. Bran wandered off in the light. Robert Thorne. Robert Thorne. That schoolmaster and Robert Thorne.

I believe. I believe. I experience. Though it is but a finger of the dawn, and the Mysteries are still homely — perhaps they will always be homely, seeing that it is forever a coming home.

He drew a spray of myrtle through his hands. Myrtle and ivy and dark cedar, and yet in bloom near the stone, pansies. Eldorado Island — Eldorado Island. All islands and continents and the deep sea around and among. Robert Thorne — and he was not here under this stone, no more than was James Murray wherever that handful of bones might be lying.

And behind Robert Thorne, and behind James Murray? Behind William Michael and behind Richard Kaye?

The birds went overhead, the sunshine seemed to grow, and the stillness. The One-and-Many — the One-and-Many.

He stretched himself upon the myrtle and covered his face. Time subtly changed for him, changed with

a great ease and depth and subtlety. Time and Space. Time, Space and Causation.

It rolled by upon the vast wheels, the moment, and left Richard Kaye and this life, yet did not leave him the same; left him permeable.

Kaye rose and moved slowly, with a deep quietness, around the Church of the Salvation. Bran followed him. They reached the slope that ran outward, more and more overgrown and neglected, to the exiles' corner. Kaye stood a moment, then descended to those five graves. The locust trees were dropping all their small yellow leaves, but the cedars stood grimly. In the tangled grass grew farewell-summer, and the dusky, musky life-everlasting. Rainbird. Again he felt Rainbird, but with no unhappiness.

He walked around the five graves. John Rainbird, Elias Simon, Matthew Nesbitt, and the two he could not read. Members one of another — members one of another. He felt an old, old melancholy as of lonely sea beaches and wrecked ships — many of those beaches, many of those stranded ships, wrecked ships. Old, old, all things were so old. And as for the multitude of them, it was past counting.

Seated amid the long grass and the farewell-summer and the life-everlasting, he rested his elbows on his knees and his head upon his hands. He felt the washing of the seas of sorrow. Then stillness.

Out of it came Carthew. Carthew came suddenly before him, Carthew who had captured and wrecked the old association. Carthew who had willed, even there, the ancient, decaying Violence into life again. Carthew whose vision ran, a babe with bloody hands.

It had been hard to forgive Carthew, though he died superbly; harder to be calm there than before ranged enemies. Carthew. Carthew.

Kaye sat motionless. At last he sighed and moved his hands. "Yes, Carthew, yes. I see you now. I see how it all came about. Comprehend — let us comprehend each other better."

They seemed to smile, he and Carthew, though somewhat wistfully, and to touch each other's hands, and to part for the time. He stayed by Rainbird's grave. He saw that it was empty of man, that man had never been in it, that you could not bury man.

When at last he left church and churchyard and walked upon the road he was, after a few minutes, with Venn. Was he in the Four Prison or was Venn here upon this bright, autumnal road? He did not know.

Venn could endure with fortitude the Four Prison, was so enduring it. It was teaching him certain lessons and he was not unhappy to learn them. *He only spent a portion of his time there.* A day would come when even that would be released. He had courage and now he had patience. The sun shone through the

walls, or he walked through them out into the sun. Venn, Venn, Venn! John Venn and Richard Kaye. And Caxton too. And Adler.

Mankind with mankind in deepened comradeship and assurance.

The trees dropped ruby and copper and gold upon the Eldorado road. Sun and shadow interlaced, but the shadows were thin and violet, and the sun knew them for what they were. There was distant sound, and the air held fragrances, familiar and strange.

CHAPTER XIX

“**C**OME in!” urged Rob. “Why won’t you come in? It’s one of mother’s good days. I heard Naomi tell father so. And he’s sitting with his book before the fire. I want to show you the beam that speaks. Come with me!”

Kaye, standing with his eyes upon the wicket above the narrow road from Goodly Token Beach, seemed to wait for a voice, for some other voice than that of Rob’s. Presently he said, “I will go.”

The honeysuckle upon the bank was now wine-hued, with black berries; the wild clematis, the traveler’s joy, showed like thin fine wool, or thin gray snow. The leaves of the trees had fallen in their hosts, the sky arched pearl gray, the air was quiet, gray and smoky. The two went through the gate and found a winding path under poplars, oaks and cedars. The poplar leaves were down, but the oak leaves yet clung, ruddy and warm. The cedars made no change, but they bore in quantity a minute, silver-blue fruit. Under foot the path ran carpeted, moist and brown. Somewhere they were burning brush. The remote, old, magical odor drifted across in wafts and wreaths.

The path mounted. They came under trees, branching widely and towering high, to the headland, the old,

old turf covered with golden leaves, and the old house. Smoke rose from its chimneys; it looked all quiet and yet all hospitable.

Rob stopped before the three-tiered, rounded, mossed door-stones and the oaken door. "That's the beam above, out of the *Goodly Token*, and it cries, 'All's well!' in stormy nights."

His long, weed-like figure went up the steps and through the door. Kaye followed. The hall was such a hall as he expected, and Naomi was crossing it and turned and came to them. She wore a dull blue woolen house dress with rounded neck and wide sleeves. Again it seemed —, again it seemed —

"Why, I'm glad you've come at last!"

She did not touch his hand but only smiled and began to speak to Rob. That tall being nodded, "I'll get them for you." He seemed to melt from the hall, vanishing through a palely gleaming door at the back. All the place was dim in the November day.

The two stood by the entrance through which he had come. "That is the beam," she said, "just above you there. '*All's well. All's well. All's well.*'"

He repeated after her. "*All's well.*" His hands came above his eyes, then parted with a wide outward and downward gesture. "How long has been the road! And yet now it seems no more than an hour that has passed."

"Come!" she said. "I want you to see my mother. It is one of her good days."

She took him up the wide, shallow, ancient stair and across the upper hall that was like the lower to a large room where burned a fire. Here stood a four-poster bed, very stately, and in it lay Mrs. Thorne, who had been Isabel De Soria. She lay high upon pillows, under a quaintly designed, old silken coverlet, a book face down beside her, and on a small table at hand a ball of wool and needles and a pack of cards. She had an old shawl, small bright flowers on a black ground, around her, and on her head black lace. Her head was a fine one, and her face, blanched and marked by old pain, was not without a humorous and handsome quality.

"Mother, this is Mr. Kaye."

"Good morning, sir. I am glad to see you. Won't you have a chair?"

Her glance indicated a seat by the bed. Kaye, thanking her and hoping that she was better, took it. "I am only temporarily better," she answered in a sweet, throaty voice. "It is never anything but temporary, my improvement. But I have a good daughter, and she makes ill as light as may be."

"It's not so temporary as you think," said Naomi. "It all goes to the good. I see you one day leaving this bed and moving about in the house and going out

of it, visiting, and driving to Derwent and New Annan."

"Then you see farther than I do," answered Mrs. Thorne. "It is true I do see myself driven to the Church of the Salvation — the church and the church-yard."

"Now will you listen to that!" said Naomi. "What will you do to gloom in a flowered shawl, with 'Don Quixote' under her hand?"

Her mother laughed, a chuckling, musical laugh. "Naomi and I keep life going with our arguments.— And how is it at Rainbird's, Mr. Kaye? I remember once when I was a young woman — We were caught in a storm, Mr. Thorne and I, and we took refuge there. The door was not fastened —, we went in and we stayed a couple of hours. But, Lord, it was eerie! — Desolate and deserted and yet not deserted."

"You would not know it now, it's so much better."

"It's a very old house," said Mrs. Thorne. "The middle part of it goes back to the years immediately after the wreck of the *Goodly Token*. It's thought, I believe, that it may be still older, that it's likely to have been one of the half-broken, stone houses left by the Spaniards who went away. And now I remember, and I had not remembered it before, that when I was little an old woman told me that she had been told by an

old person when she was little that James Murray the schoolmaster lived there and taught there the children of the *Goodly Token*. I had forgotten that quite," said Mrs. Thorne.

A colored woman came into the room, carrying a salver upon which rested an old decanter, half filled with wine, three slender-stemmed wine glasses and a plate of sugar cakes. She brought the whole to the bed, and Mrs. Thorne took the decanter in both of her hands, long-fingered, thin and ivory white, and filled the glasses. "Yours, Mr. Kaye; yours, Naomi; and mine. Give the wine to them, Susan."

The three drank one another's health and happiness. Mrs. Thorne leaned back upon her pillows and her fingers seemed to caress the book beside her. "She wishes to return to Spain and the Duke and Duchess," said Naomi promptly. "How little she gives of herself, but how good that little is!"

"Thank you for goodness to me," Kaye said, standing. "May I come again?"

"Yes, yes, come again," replied Mrs. Thorne. "On my good days. On my bad days everything may go out like a blown candle for all I care!"

Out in the upper hall they faced the deep and wide window above the house door. Naomi moved toward it, Kaye following. "From here one sees it best — the sea and the reef and the beach." They gazed,

standing side by side. The sea lay like molten silver, save where it broke against the reef and against Goodly Token Beach.

What they felt was the deepest togetherness, and that without need of body touching body, or even of the mind's paraphernalia being shaped and colored alike. As to these realms, each had been through adventures that the other had not. It was above these, but penetrating them like music, that flamed in whiteness the deathless day.

"There's a country," said Kaye, "where human space and time are but a step and a moment!"

"Aye, just!" She was looking at the sea, but now she turned and looked at him. "The lamp is lighted," she said.

"Yes, lighted."

They stood in silence in the window. Somewhere in the quiet house a clock struck. They moved and sighed, then looked at each other, smiling. Naomi spoke. "That's for Sunday — the Everlasting Sabbath. But on Eldorado Island, in Thorne House, a clock is striking. Come, let us go down!"

They descended the stairs to the hall below. She opened another door. "Here is where my father sits with his books.— Father, I have brought Richard Kaye in to see you."

The Squire had his fire also. He sat in a small book

room, shelves and volumes around him, his old dog Friend upon the hearth, and a kettle and a cricket singing. "Come in, child — come in, Richard Kaye!"

His small figure straightened in the leaf chair. He was spread about with newspapers. "Look here," said the Squire. "Look here, Kaye!"

Kaye took the paper from him. A headline ran across it. WAR!

War again!

He sat down and read. It might be "localized", or it might become general. War! War again!

He sat staring at the fire. Now it seemed a far-away struggle among evolving beings of an order not yet developed beyond such struggles, and he could watch it as one might watch warring tribes of birds or battles between ant nations. And now it was all about his heart, and he bled with neighbors and friends and families and cities and countries, with his own flesh. It was his own veins that were opening. And now, beyond it all, he trusted and seemed to have knowledge.

The fire crackled, the cricket chirped, the dog slept. Said the Squire, "Every one on the *Leander* had his story —"

As he spoke, there came a knock upon the door followed by the entrance of Captain Carlisle and Mr. Oxenford.

"Squire, have you heard? There's a wireless. We're at war. It's become general."

Oxford said, with his moon eyes and his long beard, "The young men of Eldorado Island will be going —"

The path to the gate above the road had mist and stillness. A mist was rolling up from the sea. Underfoot the fallen leaves were one with the soil. On either hand ranged, phantom-like, the tree trunks; overhead arched the bared branches; the mist showed through and above them, and here and there a patch of sky. Kaye walked alone. Rob had not reappeared. Opening the gate he passed under the cedars, the honeysuckle and the traveler's joy, descended the bank to the road, and turned his face toward Rainbird's.

As he walked, he thought, "War again!" and a thousand pictures came to him, and a vast multitude of voices, shouting, wailing, laughing, groaning, speaking intensely, chattering, muttering, chanting, screaming. At last they all pieced together, one with another, and became the earth-shaking voice of unbridled force.

"My world — my world — my world!" said Kaye, and felt as he walked the stinging tears.

When he was nearly at Rainbird's he met Alexander De Soria, riding an Inca horse and going to Pleasant Hill. Kaye walked a short way beside him. "No, I was not too young in the last war," said Alexander De

Soria, "but in those years there had developed a belief that I was consumptive. It passed away, both the condition and the idea about it. Now I am as robust as another. I think I must go to this war. Yes, quite largely for my pride's sake!"

They reached the turning to Rainbird's. "And then, of course, I shall not be asked. They'll take us anyhow."

CHAPTER XX

SNOW fell in large white flakes. A hundred Eldorado young men went to the war. The *Hero* and the *Leander* took them away, each boat vanishing swiftly in a winter cloud. More snow than was wont fell that year, fell in large white flakes and lay heaped and soft upon the earth. It would melt and the earth show; then again arose gray, veiling clouds.

Over seas the war was on; a terror walking by night and at noontide.

It came Christmas. The Church of the Salvation was full. Peter Bernier, the minister, preached, and all prayed. "*Lord, how long? Lord, how long?*"

Coming out of church, walking the road to Rain-bird's, Kaye found himself beside Doctor Andros. The latter said, "There isn't any longer glamor."

"No. It vanished at the beginning, this time."

"It will snow again.—The island looks Puritan. Have you seen William Michael lately?"

"Yes."

"It's strange how folk go to him now. It's almost as though —"

"As though he could help?"

"Yes. Almost as though he were Robert Thorne. Not the Squire, but that other one."

"The one that does *not* lie under that stone?"

"Yes, that one.— It will snow again to-day.— It's a strange world!"

"Don't you think it's time we began to trust Life and trust Consciousness?"

"Maybe. Distrust is paying pretty heavy dividends, — lead, not gold.— There is a flake — and another.— I don't believe Alexander De Soria will return. He looked to me marked to go."

"How far do you think we go, Andros, and for how long? Isn't that part of the trust?"

"I have never been mystical," said Andros. "But there is certainly some factor that we don't see.— Well, here's your narrow road!"

"Won't you come on with me?"

"Not now. There's a very ill child at David Foxe's. Well, it seems to me it is the end of some things, this war. I've noticed that in the island there's more hostility to you with some, and less with others. You stand to us, you know, as a kind of symbol. People are swinging to and fro. The old order; some new order. Cling madly to the old, or let go and grope toward the new! And either at one's proper peril. God knows what to do! I don't."

He rode away. The other kept on to Rainbird's. Bran rushed with furious affection to meet him. A curl of smoke was rising from the chimney and fire-

light showed through the window panes. Kaye felt surprise. That habit of absenting himself from Rainbird's when and whenever his employer did so had never been abandoned by Jim. To-day, moreover, he was at his own church, and had leave for dinner where he pleased. Kaye did not look for him home till dusk. The fire had been covered over before the two left the place to the animals and the winter day like iron —, and now he saw the firelight glittering behind the panes. Bran, too, manifested excitement. "Well, Bran, is it another ghost or a robber?" He entered the house, and found, seated in the great chair before the fire, Julia Carlisle.

Kaye stood still. It seemed to him that this had happened before, long ago, in this house. He stood and looked at her. She rose to meet him with a defiant hand at her bosom.

"Yes, I am mad! And yet why should that be either, since nobody comes to Rainbird's and I know that Jim is away for his Christmas Eve? Amanda Thwaite told me so. As for me, this island knows that I go where I please — I and Naomi Thorne in this island. Well, she may please to climb on ahead, but I please to come here!"

He looked at her from under level brows. "Did you walk?"

"Yes, by the little path over Apple Tree Hill."

She began to move about the room, stopping before the drawing upon the wall, the shelf of books, the clock from Jonathan Lucius' shop, and at last the Hermes above the fireplace.

"I've dreamed and dreamed how it looked here.— Alexander De Soria told me, but I don't think that I've ever really believed anything he ever told me. Yet I knew the books were there, and the table and the settle. Oh, how weary long it is before I get anywhere!"

"All of us know that cry."

"Whatever you do with others, you'll only preach to me. You won't suffer with me!"

He came to her and took her hands. "I will — I do. But I tell you, you're gone beyond in your suffering. You won't let yourself know it, but you have, you have! Echoes and ancient tides — but you've drawn yourself out of the sea, and the mountains are before you —"

"Do you think so?" she answered desolately. "I wish that I were dead."

"Come!" he said. "Here are your cloak and hood. It's Christmas Eve."

She was crying. She sank into the great chair, spread her arms over the table and dropped her head upon them. He stood watching her, in his face compassion and admiration and a delicate sternness. At

last she ceased her weeping and stood up, disfigured and undisfigured. The firelight wrapped her, and she was beautiful. She said, "I know that once I injured you — injured you to death, or near to death. Once! It may have been many times. I don't believe I'll do it now — I don't believe I will. I'm going now before any one comes. Once I think I waited for them to come, or maybe I planned it. Now I haven't done that, and none will come. You're safer now than you used to be. You've traveled to where they give you power. I've been here an hour alone. I'm going now as I came. I don't wish you to go with me."

"I will go over Apple Tree Hill with you," he said.

She drew her hood over the gold-amber masses of her hair and tied with slender, ringed fingers the ribbands of her cloak. Again, again, it seemed the same and not the same; but to-day there sounded no thundering knock at the door. The wheel of birth and death, and each recurring day and recurring night had much of the same but something of the different. At last, it was true one began to have power — when one had earned it.

Outside Rainbird's house the day hung as still and as gray as it might be. The ground lay frozen, the boughs and branches and twigs of the deciduous trees made a wide russet and amethyst network against the low sky, but the cedars stood in jade, stark and tall

and narrowly pyramidal like cypresses. Flakes of snow fell slowly. Leaving the trees, they climbed the bare hill, and now Rainbird's lay below them, and the twisted and naked apple tree marked out the pallid sky. They came to it upon the height.

She paused. "This hill is haunted. It was haunted before Rainbird's day. Do you know why?"

"No."

"Nor I, either. It is known that it is so and that is all.—Whatever it is, it has to do with us. With you and me and Naomi and Alexander De Soria.—Does the war trouble you and make your heart ache?"

"Yes."

She said, "I do not know if I think of it. As for Alexander De Soria, I have not seen him once since he left."

"I think," said Kaye, "that you do not tell the truth."

She leaned against the tree. "Yes, I see him. But he will die. I know that he will die!"

"And if he does," said Kaye, "you will find each other again. We have to learn that living and dying are nights and days."

She stood pressed against the tree, her eyes upon the gray water that surrounded Eldorado. "My life has been a broken and crooked thing —"

"You will mend it," he said. "It will grow whole.

—Come, my friend! The snow is falling and the wind is rising.”

They left Apple Tree Hill and entered one of the many narrow roads about the island and walking along it, almost in silence, came thus at last to Pleasant Hill. To-day he went with her into the house. Its windows shone ruddy, and in the wide old parlor stood a Christmas Tree. There was holly in the blue bowl that had held flowers. Mrs. Carlisle sat in a high-backed chair by the fire and wrapped small gifts in red and blue tissue paper. She appeared to be glad to see him, and gave him her hand.

“Sit down, won’t you, Mr. Kaye? Julia, tell Young Amanda to bring cake and wine.”

Immediately that her daughter had left the room, she began again to speak. “You come in upon what I’ve been thinking, and it’s very strange that I should confide in you, and yet I am feeling all the while that it is not strange either.—Julia, there. It has been her delight to flout Alexander De Soria, but he’s not one who truly can be flouted. He’ll bring her to him if he lives, but I don’t believe he’ll live. He’ll be going on his own path, and she’ll have to run to catch up. That is the trouble. She has always gone too slowly—staying with what she liked because she liked it.”

“She’ll go faster now.”

“She’s not swift-footed like Naomi. There’s been

a chain about her that she's locked herself. Do you know why she has had hatred for Naomi?"

"No."

"I do not, either. It goes far back somewhere. But if one thing changes, all will change."

Julia Carlisle returned, with her Young Amanda bearing cake and wine. Behind them came the Captain, large and hale, with a rosy, solemn face. "Good day, Kaye! — Well, the world has loosed the dragon this time!"

CHAPTER XXI

BY February it appeared indeed that it was so. The dragon and the nethermost pit, and the smoke went up, and the peoples wavered and hid their eyes. "If we knew how to stop—" But they did not know how to stop. It had become a locked embrace of foes and a gulf that yawned.

Yet all the time behind and above and beyond it all a clarion was blowing. It had begun long ago in men's hearts, but all faint and distant like a fairy with an oaten straw. Now it was growing a Krishna flute, though still it was behind the hills.

In this year prophets arose in the earth. There might be said to be one in the basket-maker's cottage above Goodly Token Beach.

"Winter ends through spring's arriving," said the basket maker to any who came to him, or who, meeting him on the roads of Eldorado or by the sea, stopped him for a word. Many seemed to want the word, for it was a dire war and coming home as a poignard comes, here as elsewhere. Another hundred men went from Eldorado that was so small. Other things threatened. The *Hero* and the *Leander* stopped coming with any regularity. Then the *Hero* was sunk. The *Leander* ceased for a time to serve Eldorado Is-

land. The justices met and took inventory of the food in the island, and there began a manner of rationing. News grew scarce; only it was known that many a man was dead who had gone from the island. The war came home here as elsewhere. It had millions of homes — the war.

And still, though distantly, the flute — and still the flute!

As the winter advanced, it became a habit of Eldorado folk to walk upon Goodly Token Beach. Why they did it they could hardly tell — it was not the way, forth by the long reef, that one looked for ships. No ship came this way unless it was driven.

But they seemed, the Thornes, Carlisles, Oxenfords, Macdougalls, Foxes, Berniers and others, to find something in this place; to be, as it were, gone back three hundred years, and to be aware afresh of shipwreck, and to wish to gather here and wring one another's hands, and to see what might be done. In March, one day, a chance boat having confirmed all bad tidings, a group of Derwent folk, finding themselves upon this beach, laid hands upon William Michael, coming from the *Davy Wing* with Rob Thorne. "Talk to us, sir! You've got wider life than we."

He spoke to them, standing free upon Goodly Token Beach, while the surf pounded upon the reef and the sea birds went by. He spoke to them of deep life; not

the life they thought they knew, but deep life, and how one began to recognize it. There were times when he seemed to loom above them, a preternatural figure; and then again he was only William Michael, the basket maker, long upon the island; and again, in between moments, it seemed that they all struggled for a memory. What he did was both to still and to arouse, giving neither false comfort nor false terror. There had come to them a great voice crying, "*All's well! All's well in the end — if ye begin to walk toward it, walking each man, each woman, in himself, in herself!*"

An old woman said to another as ancient, "The churchyard of the Salvation has given up its dead."

After that he spoke each week to whomever gathered upon Goodly Token Beach, and the gatherings grew more and more considerable.

Kaye the exile also walked upon Goodly Token Beach and stood in the throng before William Michael. He wondered sometimes as to names — how many and many names a man, as he was in reality, might take in Man's Time, for his purposes — and all the names, masks, characters, as fully and subtly interrelated as are the days in a year. It is the year that is the life, or the aeon.

And once William Michael made him, Kaye, speak.

And once — but that was in Derwent, to a throng gathered upon news of a dreadful battle — Naomi Thorne spoke to the people. It seemed by chance, but Kaye who was there thought, “No, it is not — she has done this before — and that word ‘chance’ will grow paler and paler until it vanishes from us.”

She had on a dark dress, a white kerchief about her throat, and she was like a woman of the *Goodly Token*. The crowd of Derwent folk, fisher folk and others, drew aid from what she said. “Aye, Mistress Naomi — aye, aye! We need one to show us Hope in the skies. And when you come to think of it, it’s as you say. The skies are in our heart.”

When the throng dissolved, she and Kaye moved away together. There was a mist to-day from the sea and the houses of Derwent were all folded and withdrawn. They left the space before the Winged Horse but at the cliff wall paused, leaned upon it, and looked forth upon the vast, hanging curtain of the fog. The Squire found them here. “I’ve the carriage.— Come with us, Kaye.”

They drove behind the Inca horses, in the wafting and silver mist, going not to Thorne House but to New Annan for further news. As they came to the Church of the Salvation a man stopped them. “Have you heard that Alexander De Soria is dead? He was killed in the terrible day.”

They went on in silence. The mist hung all thick and the trees were like ghosts. The carriage wheels, the horses' hooves, passed soundlessly over dead leaves matted together with wet. Alexander De Soria — Alexander De Soria, who loved poetry.

At last the Squire spoke. "I know there is light that makes these shadows flee. I have known it for long, but I cannot find it."

Naomi said, "Let me out at Pleasant Hill. I am going to see Julia Carlisle."

"She dislikes you," said the Squire.

"A part of her does. Not something larger than the part — that may take it to pieces with its delicate fingers."

They resumed silence, going over dark earth and leaves, through the island of mist. "Not a year," thought Kaye, "not a year, as men count, since I came to this place."

The Pleasant Hill gates rose before them, with a mighty elm on one side and a poplar on the other. The ancient Negro driving stopped the horses. Kaye, descending, gave Naomi his hand; she stood beside him in the mist, in the cloak and hood that so generally, in winter weather, the women of this island wore. Her eyes were dark and steadfast; her lips had a faint smile. Their eyes met, giving and taking light from the lit chamber within. She nodded her head and turning

went through the gates, under the trees. Kaye sat again beside the Squire; Isaac spoke to the horses and they continued to New Annan, through the mist from the vast sea.

CHAPTER XXII

GREEN had stolen upon the grass and the willows were budding, while at eve every frog in the meadows lifted its voice. Yellow flowers appeared and white butterflies. The bees began to labor and birds returned from southern lands. Moisture ascended, descended, withdrew; it was April. All the roads of Eldorado lay soft underfoot; the sun shone and did not shine and shone again; day and night had a divine tenderness.

At Rainbird's Gabriel crowed at two hours past midnight. With the first purple streak in the east a red bird and a thrush sang in the cherry tree that stood a silver fragrance. Pansy began to crop the pasture grass. The dawn strengthened, Bran started out of the dream world of dogs; the purple changed to coral and gold, Jim left his bed; kindling began to burn and light smoke to go out of the chimney.

Kaye and Jim ate their breakfast together, seated at either end of the deal table in the kitchen that the early sunshine was flooding. They talked of a plow and a horse for the corn field. The breakfast was a frugal one, all on Eldorado practicing frugality this spring. Marked frugality.

"It's going to be shiny weather now. We'd better

plow to-morrow. I can get the horse. I'll go by Amanda Thwaite's—"

Kaye smiled. "Ask her for those currant bushes too."

Jim got up and began to clear the table. "Mr. Dick, I had a dream last night. This thing was stopping. War was stopping. It stopped with a great cry and a throwing up of its hands."

"May it come true, Jim! Come true!"

"First a weeping, and then a kind of rainbow and a singing came around things."

"It would perhaps come that way. Around and through. Say your prayers, Jim, steadily, and see it so."

Presently he went out under the cherry tree, a great, old tree, all white. "Ah, Heaven! You are beautiful!"

He looked up into the sky. No aeroplane, chancing this way, descending upon Eldorado for some reason. From Rainbird's the ocean might not be seen, unless one climbed Apple Tree Hill. But if one did, doubtless no ship anywhere upon the horizon, no ship that might turn to the littlest island. Eldorado did not know what had happened, but there came no more wireless. Kaye looked at the cherry tree and the cedars. "Has the world died?"

He was going to Goodly Token Beach.— Suddenly,

something powerfully moved him and he turned, instead, to the wood below Apple Tree Hill.

Once more he felt healing in this wood, a melancholy and yet a cleanliness as of myrrh. Old trees and bare, save for the purple mist of April. Bare and still, with a pale gold sunlight. Unearthly, unearthly to-day.

Walking through it, he came into a coppice, and then to the quiet zigzag of the old rail fence, with meadows beyond, and Inca horses grazing the new-springing grass. He rested his arms upon the gray barrier and his brow upon his arms. "Oh, my world, what shall we do with you?"

Tears sprang to his eyes. His fingers moved upon the lichened, the weather-worn and softened rail. "Oh, vastness that thinks so poorly of itself, that cannot love and cannot act! Oh, what shall we do with you — oh, what shall we do with Ourselves?"

He stood there long, sunk into thought and feeling beyond thought and feeling, moving perchance in action that could not yet mount to consciousness of itself. At last he raised his head and turned back into the wood.

Bloodroot was in blossom and the first violets. The thread-like path crossed the forest floor, built of the leaves of a thousand, thousand summers. As he followed it, with an easy turn of the marvellous current within, he found also the Old Wood between his native village and the mountain. Old Wood. Old Wood.

And the bloodroot and the violets bloomed there too. Hepatica and adder tongue, and a little later may-apple parasols, jack-in-the-pulpit and wake-robin. Fringe tree, Judas tree, dogwood, wild grape. Old Wood, and the village had resorted there since there was a village. Resorted there in groups, or when it might, came solitary. This was not that wood, but all woods were deeply akin and might hear one another's voices and touch one another's leaves, there where space did not trouble them, where space and time were at rest, where they did become one wood, accessible to all. Old Miss Serena, walking in the wood, with her colored maid, small and wrinkled like herself, gathering wake-robin, and if any met her saying, "I always think how Wordsworth and his sister would have loved this place!" Miss Serena, who had loaned him Wordsworth and Shelley. Great Uncle William, walking here, pondering next Sunday's sermon. He took his texts chiefly from Isaiah and John and the Psalms. "*He was despised and rejected of men. A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.*" . . . "*Even the spirit of truth*" . . . "*Lift up your head, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in.*" All the village, walking here, in companies or solitary. Here, in the Eldorado wood, was the beech tree that he favored. It stood with a dark silver bole and long, gracious arms each in itself

a beautiful tree stretched forth. The buds were swelling; in June it would stand the fairest, clearest green. Now above it sprang a vast cone of blue sky, and all around, beneath it, lay the earth a clean amber. He went and leaned against the silver pillar, so smooth and venerable.

George Weld!

He was aware of George Weld. George Weld too, perhaps, in Old Wood above the village he was born in. George Weld and Richard Kaye, chancing into some fragmentary oneness. It was more than that. Even as he thought it, he was aware of a strengthening, a solemnity of reality.

George Weld, looking rigidly, mournfully, tragically upon him. The Dictator.

Kaye's lips moved. "What has happened? What more has happened?"

But the form did not speak. It made a gesture as of question and appeal. It was there—it had been there—it was gone like a bubble. Kaye, shaken, sat down upon the earth. "What has happened? There is some crisis."

It lay all still in the Eldorado wood. "Oh, lifting divinity, clear our eyes!"

He stayed for half an hour beneath the beech tree. George Weld came not again, but the sense of happening, of some turn, of a change in atmosphere, increased

and became certainty. "I know, though I know not the configuration of what I know."

The sun stood overhead. Leaving the wood, he returned to Rainbird's. The small house throbbed in light, the cedar had nets of gold wire; as for the cherry tree it and light were wed.

In the afternoon, Captain Carlisle stopped his horse by Rainbird's, got heavily down and entered the place. "Mr. Kaye, you there?"

They sat together on the bench by the wall. "What do you think of it, this dead silence? I say it's worse than knowing terrible things."

"I think that we shall soon hear now."

"Do you feel that something bigger than usual may be chancing?"

"I think that we are making a turn. Dead night, and a sick man's fever, and will he die or live?"

The Captain breathed deeply. "How peaceful it has grown here that was forlorn for so long! That old Rainbird doesn't seem so friendless — and there was an old story about the place before that."

"How is Julia Carlisle?"

"She is better. She made me take her yesterday to Thorne House. She has made it up with Naomi now."

When he had been gone an hour there came by Doctor Hector Andros. "That cherry tree is beau-

tiful! — Well, Kaye, do you think we may all of us have died? ”

“ I think that something has died. Or it has been transmuted. Something out of us all.”

Andros said :

“ ‘ . . . Nothing in him that doth alter
But hath suffered a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.’ ”

My God! that might be Alexander De Soria quoting poetry! ”

He walked up and down the flagged path. “ Yes, that cherry tree. Well, Kaye, what are we going to do? ”

“ What do you think we are going to do? ”

“ What do I know? My knowledge is picayune. All our knowledge is picayune.”

“ Yes and no.”

“ We’ve got to stop tearing one another’s throats; that’s tearing one’s own throat at last! Freezing and starving and poisoning one another, that’s doing all that in the end — and, my God! a shorter and shorter end — to one’s self! We’ve got to find life that doesn’t breed that way. Find life — we’ve got to find life! There’s got to be some kind of a first step.”

“ Yes.”

Andros walked up and down. “ Find life inside —

find it somehow! Find it in the heart — find it in the head — find it in the hand. Yes, that cherry tree. I have been twice to New Annan to-day. I think I'll go again."

"Andros —"

"Yes?"

"There is a tie between me and George Weld. A path of vibration — of unity. One of those paths that amazedly we are beginning to find, here, there and everywhere. Well, he came to me along it this morning. One thing I know. He is no longer Dictator."

The other stared. "If you know that, then all our little molds are beginning to break. If that's true, the mustard seed is putting forth as a tree, and the hidden thing in men's hearts is coming forth. Perhaps we've ended the war, and by life not by death."

"Yes," said Kaye. "Three of the morning and the turn. Nor is George Weld left out of it."

Andros broke a sprig of cherry blossom, stuck it in his coat, and mounting his big brown horse rode away to New Annan. The next visitor proved to be Jonathan Lucius from Derwent. "I don't often travel in this direction, Mr. Kaye. But now I've got a niece living nigh the Church of the Salvation, and sometimes I take a holiday. Rainbird's! Well, who'd know it now!"

"He comes and goes," said Kaye and smiled. "We have an affection now for each other."

The small bent man nursed his knee and looked about. "That cherry tree now is a glorified hive. Listen to them —

" 'The singing masons building roofs of gold.' I don't know when the middle of this house was built. It's long ago."

"I think the *Goodly Token* found it standing."

"Maybe. There are many legends. We've always kept the day of the *Goodly Token*. It falls in May. We'll keep it this year also — probably more this year than any."

"How do you keep it?"

"We go in procession, driving and riding and walking, to the Church of the Salvation. It won't hold Eldorado islanders now, whatever it once did. So there's out of door service — prayer and a psalm and singing. Then we decorate the graves of those of that century. The children love that part of it. After that we proceed, everybody getting there as best they can, to Goodly Token Beach. There those that can speak, speak, and the listeners listen. And all the time the old mother sea throws her voice against the reef and the cliffs. The reef seemed bitter disaster all those years ago, and yet we passed it by!"

"In June. I wonder —" Kaye's thought was,

"Shall I be here in June?" who had expected to be here until the day of his death.

Bran, lying before the door of Rainbird's, cocked his ear, got up and prepared to bark.

"There's a horse coming," said Jonathan Lucius.

Andros reappeared in the purple, misty road beyond the cedars. Something ran before him. Kaye and the Derwent man got to their feet and moved to the gate to meet it. The physician dismounted and came to them. His features quivered; in his look sat both bewilderment and exaltation. His sanguine color held, but his eyes saw other realms, and his voice had changed cadence.

"The war is ended! It's ended, Kaye! There's a revolution, but they say it's not like other revolutions. There's no violence; there's amnesty. The wireless works again. It's over. The war is over everywhere."

CHAPTER XXIII

THE trees were green and waving. Over the blue sea came the *Leander*. The sun struck all the fluted cliffs of Eldorado, making golden the foam upon the reef and Eldorado Light and Old Light, Derwent and Plymouth and New Annan. The long wharf shone, the houses, the fishing boats. In the early morning's light breath and beauty, all things and all beings stood or moved etherealized. It was as though one opened a gate and came upon a thousand, thousand morning-glories.

The wharf of New Annan was covered with folk and folk leaned upon the sea wall. There rose the dear *Leander*, and the *Hero*, they said, was rebuilding.

The *Leander* came nearer, nearer, bringing the written and printed words that should confirm and establish and amplify the un-voluminous speech of the air. Again, as many a time before, the justices of the island found themselves in the Garland, awaiting greeting and instruction from the vast land with which Eldorado cohered. The sun entered virginally at the window of the clean little parlor. Oxenford with his moon eyes put down the spyglass.

"It is good to see her again, the *Leander*!"

Said Squire Thorne, "We've always measured by

June. It's ever the first of the year for Eldorado. But Time now — Time in some years travels only a very little way, and in others a thousand leagues. In some years it goes in all directions and then one tastes Eternity. This June to June has been like that —"

"Here's Hector Andros," said Carlisle.

Andros took the spyglass from Oxenford. "Aye, it's good to see her again — the old Manoa Line — the *Leander*. And all the news. One thing among many others I've been thinking, and that is that presently Rainbird's will be empty again. When she sails again, Richard Kaye will be upon her."

"Aye, he's free. And I suppose men like him will be needed."

"Aye, they'll be needed."

"Aye, needed," said Andros, "and at last summoned. Men who can pattern life. New life and other patterns."

Out by the sea wall Kaye leaned against the coping. Others were there, men and women and children. While they waited some one set up a singing. "That's an old song," he said to the man next him.

"'Tis so. The folk of the *Goodly Token* sang it, and I suppose their fathers before them. We'll sing it again five days from now, at the celebration."

It floated deeply and strangely out and up. The blue sea, the morning sun, the coming ship. He suddenly

could not bear it there and turned and left New Annan and took the road to the Church of the Salvation.

Birds sang in the whitening locust trees. He sat beneath, by the exiles' graves. Elias Simon and Matthew Nesbitt and the two whose names were worn away and Leonidas Rainbird. The exiles of the world since time began, since Rome, since Greece, since earlier kingdoms and republics, since the tribes of the plain and the forest. The great turning wheel. Venn and Caxton and Adler. Carthew. George Weld. The souls that lasted, the positions that changed. The world and its work. The cycle, the spiral, the dawn, the spring, the age that goes, the age that comes. Mansoul and the City of God.

He sat there long in the sunken corner, and many perceptions played hide and seek. Once it was Alexander De Soria, sitting there beside him with his book of poetry, reading from Shelley,

“The world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return —”

And there were others, visions and dreams and prophecies and realizations.

The sunshine fell stilly and steadily, and through it sang the birds of June. At last he rose and left this place, but went not back to Rainbird's but instead to the basket maker's above Goodly Token Beach.

But at Rainbird's that afternoon he opened the door to Squire Thorne and Captain Carlisle.

"Why did you not stay at New Annan, Kaye? We looked for you and missed you."

"My heart was too full."

The room stood drenched with a coral light of sunset. It bathed the walls, the floor, the ceiling, the grave, spare furnishings, the books, the drawings, the Hermes above the hearth. Captain Carlisle sat himself ponderously down.

"My eyes are red enough, I dare say, yet my heart is big and light and I feel like a boy! All the news — a mort of it — and yet it seems to come down, or lift up, to something simple."

Thorne stood before a print of the Parthenon. "I do not know what repetition of history this is. It seems to come even with a larger plane. It seems to have been spontaneous, an alteration from within. There's hardly an attempt to portion the credit. Psychological, universal —. The world has ceased to war, and not through a final breaking into impotent parts, as I thought it would come —"

Kaye stood beside him. "No, but through a long-preparing long-yearned-for birth. All over the earth understanding has moved forward. By however little, all souls are nearer all souls. It came as a thief in the night, as the still, small voice. But its reflections, its

effects, shall fill an era. After which, another step."

They fell silent, the three so different yet with a feeling of brothers, of kin. Carlisle sat by the table. Thorne took the chair beside the shelf of books. Kaye moved to the window. The coral light continued, and with it poured the fragrance of a damask rose and the bell note of the thrush.

Carlisle spoke. "There's much to be done, they say, everywhere. Did you get your letters, Kaye?"

"Yes, Jim brought them."

"Exile is gone by. There is no more exile. Not for George Weld, nor any."

"No, no!" Kaye spoke from the window. "Where would you exile them to? The world is one. All its parts are becoming spiritual and interpenetrate. That is what has happened. The first faint universal glimpse of the truth."

The Squire said, "But it is faint, Kaye. It may slip here and slip there back into bitter separateness and misunderstanding."

"Ah, yes, it may."

"Little and weak —"

"Yes. It is a new-born child."

There was a silence. Then said Carlisle simply, "Well, we are all its soldiers and servants now, though in many degrees."

"Yes, all, thank God!"

"You'll be going to the mainland when the *Leander* sails?"

"Yes. There's something I can help in."

"This island will miss you."

"It shall go with me and I shall stay with it. Only now do I clearly see that it has always been so."

"The *Leander* will wait for *Goodly Token Day*."

"Yes, I am glad of that."

The two justices tarried a little longer at Rainbird's, then departed. The sun went down, but a great rosy glow filled the west. In it Amanda Thwaite came by and stopped at the gate where stood Kaye with Bran at his feet. "I never heard that thrush sing so long and late."

"No, it sings to-day as though for eternity.—I am going back to the wide country, Amanda Thwaite. I want to thank you for many kindnesses. Bran and Gabriel and the bees and Daniel and Jim and much besides. I think," said Kaye, looking whimsically and kindly at the big, gaunt, copper woman, "that you're a good witch and that we've all trafficked with you before."

Amanda's lips widened. "Well, it's true that I have given a lot of little things in my time — things that you could weigh and things you couldn't.— But it ain't good, even now, to get that name of 'witch'." She stooped and rearranged her worn shoe upon her foot,

then straightened herself and said, "Mr. Alexander De Soria now,—I always liked him and would get what I could for him."

"I liked him too."

"Well, he's gone till he comes again.—Miss Julia Carlisle came to see me to-day."

"Did she?"

"She's always been one that has gone to witches. Evil and good alike. But there's a change in her—she's met herself in the path. When that happens," said Amanda, "then, beautiful as we are in many ways, we've got to turn if we want to live."

"Yes. She lives."

"Yes."

Amanda Thwaite looked at Rainbird's house. "He too, now, I reckon.—You'll take Bran with you when you go?"

"Yes."

"Jim will be owning Pansy and Gabriel and the hens. I'll take the bees again."

"Yes, that will be best. But to me they'll always be humming around Rainbird's house. And Pansy will low from the pasture at evening, and Gabriel will crow in the middle of the night."

"It won't stay empty now, I'm thinking. Something ungrudging is around it and without fear."

"Rainbird has great virtues," said Kaye, "but there

was a dark and bitter spot. That's faded, praise to the divine within him!"

"He had help too, perhaps, at last," said Amanda. "Help being understanding."

The two stood, one on either side the gate, with their eyes upon the splendid west and Rainbird's with its cedars and Apple Tree Hill drawn against it. The thrush uttered one last bell note and ceased for that day to sing.

"I am going now," said the tall, colored woman. "I wish you very well indeed, sir. I wish all of us well. The earth and all that's on it — I wish it well."

"I said that you were a good witch!" answered Kaye. "Of all that are upon this island those that best understand are William Michael and Naomi and you."

"Some it is born in," said Amanda Thwaite, and shook hands with Richard Kaye, and went back to her small house and her granddaughters.

CHAPTER XXIV

ELDORADO Islanders flowed by every road to the Church of the Salvation. From New Annan they made a procession, and from Derwent they made a procession, and rills joined these from every narrow road and path. Each procession had music and banners, and boys and girls swung garlands and long wreaths of summer leaf and flower. The sky smiled, the day sang for them. And they sang too; all sang, men and women and children. Three hundred years ago, some one upon the island had written a chant, a psalm of their salvation. The words and the tune to which they were set had grandeur, and now they rang and floated in the golden air above the moving lines of folk. They had other hymns and ballads, but this old one arose again and again.

Kaye walked with the others, and every one was friendly. No longer was he exile. This was home, this island was home, and the great continent was home, and the earth and the world and the skies were home. He moved with the Derwent stream that before the church joined the New Annan stream.

In the churchyard, when the out-of-door service was over — for the church would hold only a small part of the island population — it was in order to heap with

flowers the oldest graves. The less old and the youngest also, for they let all share. Kaye carried the leaves and buds and blooms that he had gathered at Rainbird's to the exiles' corner. He placed them upon the graves there, and one great red rose upon Rainbird's grave. He stood and said farewell to this corner.

The procession was forming once more. He let it pass through the gates and out upon the road to Goodly Token Beach, knowing that he could overtake it. When it was gone, singing, forth under the roadside trees, he walked through the main churchyard and coming to the tomb of Robert Thorne sat himself down upon the stone coping around the great slab and its bed of ivy and myrtle.

Seated there, he suddenly began to laugh, clearly, out of pure, new gayety of heart. He put his head in his hands and his shoulders shook. "All those chalk marks that we could not cross!" He picked an ivy leaf and a spray of myrtle. "I'll stick them in William Michael's buttonhole!—And James Murray, where art *thou*?"

Without longer delay he rose and left the Church of the Salvation and its churchyard filled with waving trees and singing birds. Walking with long strides, he caught up with the Derwent moving throng and fell into line beside Jonathan Lucius.

"Aye, I remember my first procession," said the old

man. "I wasn't more than eight or nine—it's been a long time ago, and I haven't missed a year since. To Goodly Token Beach, to say, '*Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.*'"

They marched to Goodly Token Beach by the Derwent road and then by the road over the down. Thorne House looked forth upon them—they descended sharply, the chanting host, and came to the great sea. The beach was white and curved; it dazzled in the sun, and the sea dazzled, and the surf upon the reef which had shattered the *Goodly Token*, had an organ tone, a profound rise and fall of deep music.

The host disposed itself as it were in an amphitheater, leaving a small, clear stage for the veteran orators of the island, and these were the minister, Peter Bernier, and the lawyer, Gilbert Foxe. As all placed themselves, the music they had brought from New Annan continued to play. Drum and horn and fife and bassoon, and two old fiddlers, Martin and Gregory. And over by the dunes, and under the long line of cliffs, appeared the hampers and hampers that held the feast.

Kaye climbed to a small platform that he knew in the fretted white rock. Rob Thorne came up after him. "Let's go to the *Davy Wing*. It's better there in the quiet, with the deck over you and just the sea to hear."

"No, Rob. But you stay here with me."

"No. I want to see my shells and my goddess where it's all green and still."

"Stay here, Rob."

Rob stayed, seated on the rock shelf with his long body bent double. The host below upon the beach had settled itself, and now the music ceased and the orators spoke.

"I can't hear them," said Rob. "But I heard the beam at home speaking last night, though there was no storm. 'All's well! All's well!'"

"We are too far for their words," answered Kaye, "but they are telling the story of the sailing of the *Goodly Token*, the names of the men and women, and the long hopes in their hearts."

The great sea boomed against the reef and the shore; sea birds went over cliff head, and the sun shot its June arrows of strength and rapture. Time passed, the speakers were speaking, but from this place their words might not be heard; only their great gestures seen. Kaye looked down at Rob. He lay fast asleep, curled in the sun and the shadow. Kaye looked out once again at the throng and the sea. It seemed that they had come out of the sea. They had; once it was bare, this island, and again, down the ages, it might come to be bare. That was naught; that was a recurring rhyme.

Presently, following an impulse, he left the platform, Rob still asleep in the sun, and skirting quietly the base of the cliff, came to a broken and steep path that he knew. He mounted, hidden by the limestone juts from the throng that was gazing toward the orators and the sea, and so came with some toil and needed wariness to the cliff top. Here, throwing himself upon the turf, he looked down and out upon the host and the sea. Now everything came to a quiet, rich music and to a wide view, a music of space. He rested, for a while, then as he rose to go away, having said farewell to Goodly Token Beach, to Eldorado Old Light and the breaking surf upon the reef, he saw a man at a little distance also lying upon the grass at cliff edge. In a moment he made out that it was the basket maker and went toward him.

As he approached, the other rose to a sitting posture. At the cliff verge, against the blue sky, around him only the slender grasses and the air, he had the seeming, tall and broad of frame as he was, with hair and beard as white and flowing and fine as sea mist, with eyes blue and eagle-keen, with a strong beak of a nose and wide, strong mouth, and his hands powerful and supple, he had the seeming of a guardian of a fold. Kaye stood beside him. "I have said farewell here. Now I am going to Thorne House to see Naomi."

"Yes. The *Leander* sails to-morrow. It was to be,

your returning here, and it is to be, your going forth again."

"It has been my year of enlightenment. Now I pray for further light."

"My prayer also — the deep prayer of all of us."

"It is beginning, the dayspring from on high."

"It is beginning."

"There are, however, powers of reaction. It is borne in on me that I shall not be able to bring this body back to Eldorado."

"No. Not this one."

"But there is spiritual security."

"Aye."

"And the other will come round again."

"Aye, with fuller music."

"Good-by, then, for this time —"

"Good-by." He put his great arm around the younger man. "As we have drawn ourselves together before, so we shall draw ourselves together again. In the meantime the parting is illusory."

They said farewell. Kaye went on over the sweet cliff grass, into green and bloomy hollows and up again, a tall and rhythmically moving figure with sun-filled air around and above him. The other watched until distance and the contour of the earth hid him, then turned again to the contemplation of the host upon Goodly Token Beach.

Kaye went to Thorne House. The door stood wide, and he heard one singing,

“What is man but grass,
And as a flower of the field?
For He saith, ‘Turn again, ye children of men!’
But in His sight a thousand years
Are as a day.”

The two or three servants, he knew, were gone with the others to the celebration. The Squire was there, and Rob. He did not knock but entered the house. As he stood in the hall, the voice ceased and Naomi, crossing the upper floor, came down the wide stair and took him by the hand. There were wild roses in a jar upon an ancient table, an old clock struck the hour; through the doors drifted the dry and golden air. They went up the stairs to her mother's room. Here, in the stately bed, propped high, under old embroidery, lay Mrs. Thorne who had been Isabel De Soria, around her her silken shawl, a dark ground with an infinitely meandering vine and small, bright flowers, and on her hair black lace.

“Mother, here is Richard Kaye.”

Mrs. Thorne turned her face, all overwrought by ancient pain and yet not without humor and lurking triumph, and gave him a fine, thin, ivory hand. She had been knitting, and beside her, face down, lay a book of old tales.

“So you are going back, Richard Kaye? Here and there — back here and back there. We islanders shall miss you.”

“There is something for me to do. I do not know just what it is, but I’ll find it.”

“There’s always something doing,” said Mrs. Thorne, “as the lichen explained to the rock.”

Kaye laughed. “It is true. The lark said a similar thing to the limpet.— The *Leander* sails to-morrow and I have come to say good-by.”

Mrs. Thorne lifted the book from the gay quilt and laid it on the table. “You’ll not be coming to Eldorado again.”

“You too say that with finality. No, I think I will not.”

She took up her wooden needles and ball of white wool and knitted a few stitches; then, “It does not so much matter as once we may have thought. Shouldn’t you say there’s a strange presence coming into things?”

“That I should. Strange and sweet.”

“When I say ‘presence’,” said Mrs. Thorne, “I mean that oceans and continents and islands don’t seem any longer to forget one another.”

Naomi spoke, leaning upon the foot of the bed, in her dress of blue with an ancient amethyst brooch at her throat. “There will be a flood of names now. But the old wording is sweet. ‘Practice of the presence of

God', or perhaps it is practice of the presence of ourselves."

Her mother laid down the knitting and took up the book. "I've seen that you two seem to have caught up with one another. You'll be wanting to speak together before you go back to Rainbird's and to-morrow morning to the *Leander*. Go out under the trees, child. I won't want a thing!"

"I can't come now," said Naomi to Kaye, "but when Father and Rob, or Susan and January come back, I will. I will come to the down a little before sunset."

He waited for her there, lying upon the short wind-crisped turf. The headland here stood up bold and high, giving a view of Derwent and the sea and of Goodly Token Beach, and, when the eyes were turned, of the inland of woods and roads and hills, of fields and meadows and streams and of One Mountain. It was now mid-afternoon, and a marvelous rich and warm light overlay and entered into the world. He saw the fishing boats and the Inca horses, the little town, the cliffs and mother-sea. Consciousness widened. Time flowed into space; out of the more of space time began anew.

The great sun was walking in the west. Goodly Token Beach now was deserted. He saw it gleaming bare. The tide was in, the reef almost covered. The

blue lotos of the sky had hardly a fleck. He saw Naomi coming and rose to meet her.

They moved slowly to and fro upon the violet headland, or sat upon the warm turf among the small, closing flowers. The sun went down, but June had long, rich dusks. All the west now towered, an infinite, subtle, manifold rose. Now they spoke, and now they sat or moved, side by side, in full silence. Suddenly they saw the evening star. One instant it had not been there and the next it shone upon them. It shone in silver, then it brightened, grew intense, and became living gold, the heart of the rose. Far off rang a bell. Other stars appeared. The rose faded, but all the night became filled with light. When at last they said, "Good-by — Good-by!" they smiled, although their eyes were wet, at how that word had changed. She went back to Thorne House and he to Rainbird's, and the next day he sailed upon the *Leander*.

THE END

Other Historical Novels by MARY JOHNSTON

1492

"On her portrait of Christopherus Columbus, wanderer, beggar and Admiral of the Ocean-Sea, Miss Johnston has lavished all the resources of her art. He moves before us, a living, imposing figure, splendid and generous in triumph, high hearted in adversity. . . . All this long and truly marvelous story is related in a style quaint, colorful, dignified. '1492' is a worthy tribute to the great navigator."—*New York Times*.

THE SLAVE SHIP

"The spiritual struggle of a hard-headed but mystical young Scotchman, who, sold as a slave to the Virginia colony, escapes and himself becomes a trader in 'black ivory.' The historical background is well done."—*American Library Association Booklist*.

"The hours we devoted to this novel were packed with interest, thrills, horror and delight. '1492' was fine, but 'The Slave Ship' is splendid."—*Philadelphia Record*.

"'The Slave Ship' is one of Miss Johnston's finest books."—*New York World*.

CROATAN

"The story is rich in dramatic incident, and the theme with which it deals, the mysterious lost colony of Roanoke, and especially little Virginia Dare, is so fascinating and so filled with appeal to the imagination that the story has a glamor and charm not easily resisted."—*John Clair Minot in The Boston Herald*.

"Mary Johnston presents a vivid picture, though a highly idealized one, of the life of the colonists in the New World and of the perils and hardships through which they passed. It is an old-fashioned romance of the kind which is still popular in spite of the modern trend towards a realism which concerns itself chiefly with the seamy side of life."—*Literary Digest International Book Review*.

EXILE

By

MARY JOHNSTON

Miss Johnston has placed her new story at some indefinite period in the future when, after another war, a great country has come under the rule of a Dictator. As for the spatial setting, it is stated early in the narrative that "Eldorado Island is not easy to find on any map", and that "ships rarely report passing or being passed by the *Hero* or the *Leander*." Moreover, "the events of this narrative are not put down in the school histories."

One Richard Kaye, having with others resisted the government, is exiled to Eldorado Island, a remote spot used occasionally down the centuries for such punishments. There are legends of these exiles, and one at least—Rainbird—still walks. It is the ancient small house that was Rainbird's that is set aside for Kaye. He remains upon Eldorado Island for a year, at the end of which time the countries cease to war; not a temporary peace but a new era enters, and he is recalled to labor with other thinkers and doers in a changed world.

The book relates the events, outer and inner, which come to Richard Kaye upon Eldorado Island, where, it seems, he has been before, and others there with him have been before, three centuries ago, when the *Goodly Token* was shipwrecked upon Eldorado Reef. Reincarnation has been increasingly of late the theme of stories and plays. It enters into this book. So do other subtleties of faculty and perception. A haunting story, with an unusual background.

Boston

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY

Publishers